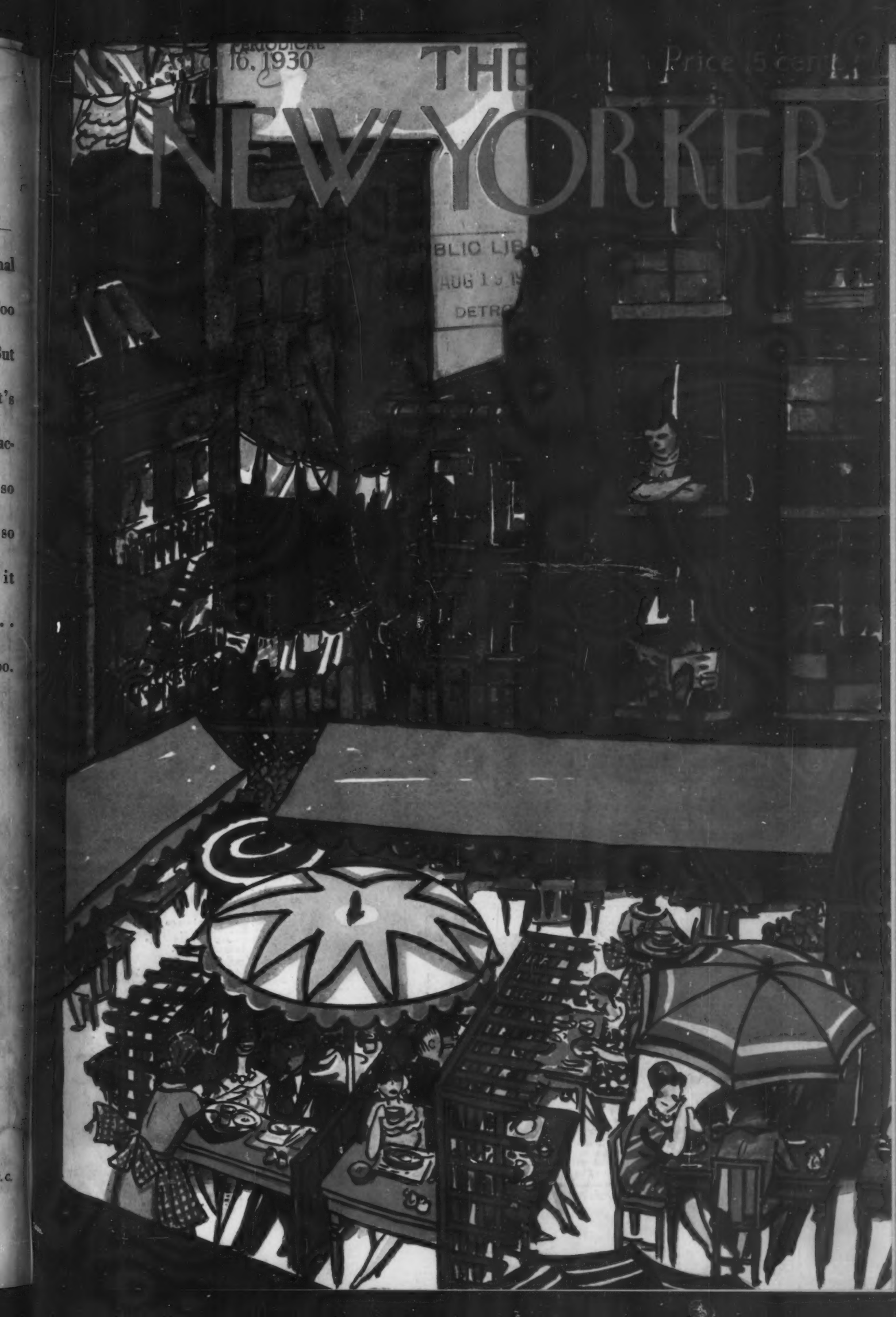
PERIODICAL
16. 1930
THE
NEW YORKER
Price 15 cents
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DETR

"O, THE MONKEYS HAVE NO TAILS IN ZAMBOANGA..."

Wednesday—Manila. Nobody laughs now when the waiter speaks to me in Spanish! I already know 50 words. Manila's a great place. On the go every minute since we arrived last Friday. Plenty of Spanish atmosphere! We took a two-wheeled, four-footed "Calesa"—the native taxis of Manila and jogged over to Intromuros—the old Spanish walled city. Built in Magellan's time—1500 something. Moorish type houses with grilled windows, of translucent oyster shells instead of glass. Fragrant acacia trees and magnolias shade the courtyards. The great Cathedral is as inspiring as any we saw in Italy. Visited the University of Santo Tomas—founded before anybody ever stepped on Plymouth Rock. That's a long time... Even the Aquarium is built in an old stone vault. Interesting, too. Black crocodiles, wicked sharks and green-eyed turtles wink at us.

The outside walls of Intromuros are 8 feet thick. Concealed iron-spiked gates ready to drop on the enemy... but no enemy now. Everybody smiles. Black-eyed native girls with balloon sleeves made of pineapple cloth. Their favorite fruit is a long black cigar. They lure us into their hat shops. Didn't know there were so many hats in the world. Many are woven by hand under water—so fine. And only a few pesos apiece. (A peso is 50 cents in our language.) Then we shopped at all the lace and linen places. Exquisite convent embroidery on pretty voile frocks.

Sunday—To the Naval Station at Cavite. O-O-O-o-o—such big guns! On the way back, played a tune on the bamboo pipe organ at Las Pinas. Only one of its kind in the world... Saw where Admiral Dewey made a name for himself. Drove to Fort McKinley for tea and stopped at the ruins of Guadalupe. Enormous monastery built in 1601... Came back by way of Bilibid prison. Saw them weaving wicker things. Handsome carved chests and furniture.

Tuesday—One more feather in our caps! Now, we've "shot" the rapids of Pagsanjan. The hectic tourist traveler doesn't know what he's missing. What luck that we stopped over two weeks. That's a grand advantage of the President Liners. Early in the morning we motored to Pagsanjan. Through deep tropical forests with monkeys chattering in the trees. Wild cockatoos. And bunches of bananas hanging upside down, to *our* surprise. Passed jumbled native villages. Down at the river we climbed into little dugout canoes called *bancas*. Then up the narrow 3-mile gorge. 500 feet deep. To the falls. Now, down we go—with a whirl and a splash. Zoom! At times completely lost in spray. But not a canoe topples. Another cataract—and another. What thrills. The fastest ride of my life. A fitting climax for a *high* week-end. (We're certainly having a lot gayer time in the Orient than we had in Europe last summer.)

Ten days later—Who *would* have time to write a diary in Manila? Last three days we've been in that cool Elysium of Baguio. Nine hours by motor straight up into the hills. Mountain strawberries. Blankets at night. Igorot jewelry and black coral. Native women bring their weaving to the hotel. Everybody we know is at Baguio... Tonight our farewell party at the Polo Club and tomorrow we sail for Singapore and Java on the S.S. President Johnson. No wonder we love Manila—with its grandee hospitality. Red hibiscus and white orchids on our dinner table. Set on the lawn with candle light. Iced persimmons and salted pili nuts to begin with... Abalone, crab and all the trimmings... A tropic night we'll always remember. International chit-chat. Tinkling glasses... And little echoes in my heart of a funny song I'll never quite recall... that goes something like this—

"O, the monkeys have no tails
In Zamboanga—
They were bitten off by whales
In Zamboanga..."

That... is Manila!

Note: This is the fourth of a series from the travel diary of a President Liner passenger. The full set in attractive booklet form may be had by writing Dept. 4-O of nearest Passenger Office listed below.

This is the one steamship service on which you may go Round the World as you please, when you please and with all the comforts and conveniences that you enjoy in your own home. All staterooms are large, outside, with beds (not berths). De luxe Liners, luxurious public apartments, outdoor swimming pool, world-famed cuisine. First Class only, Round the World, as low as $1110—$1250; with private bath $1370. Your ticket good for two full years, stop over in any or all of 22 ports in 14 countries, as you like.

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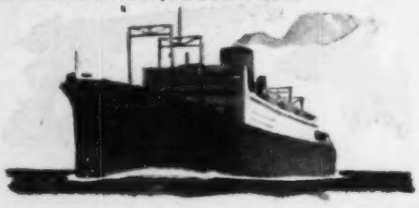

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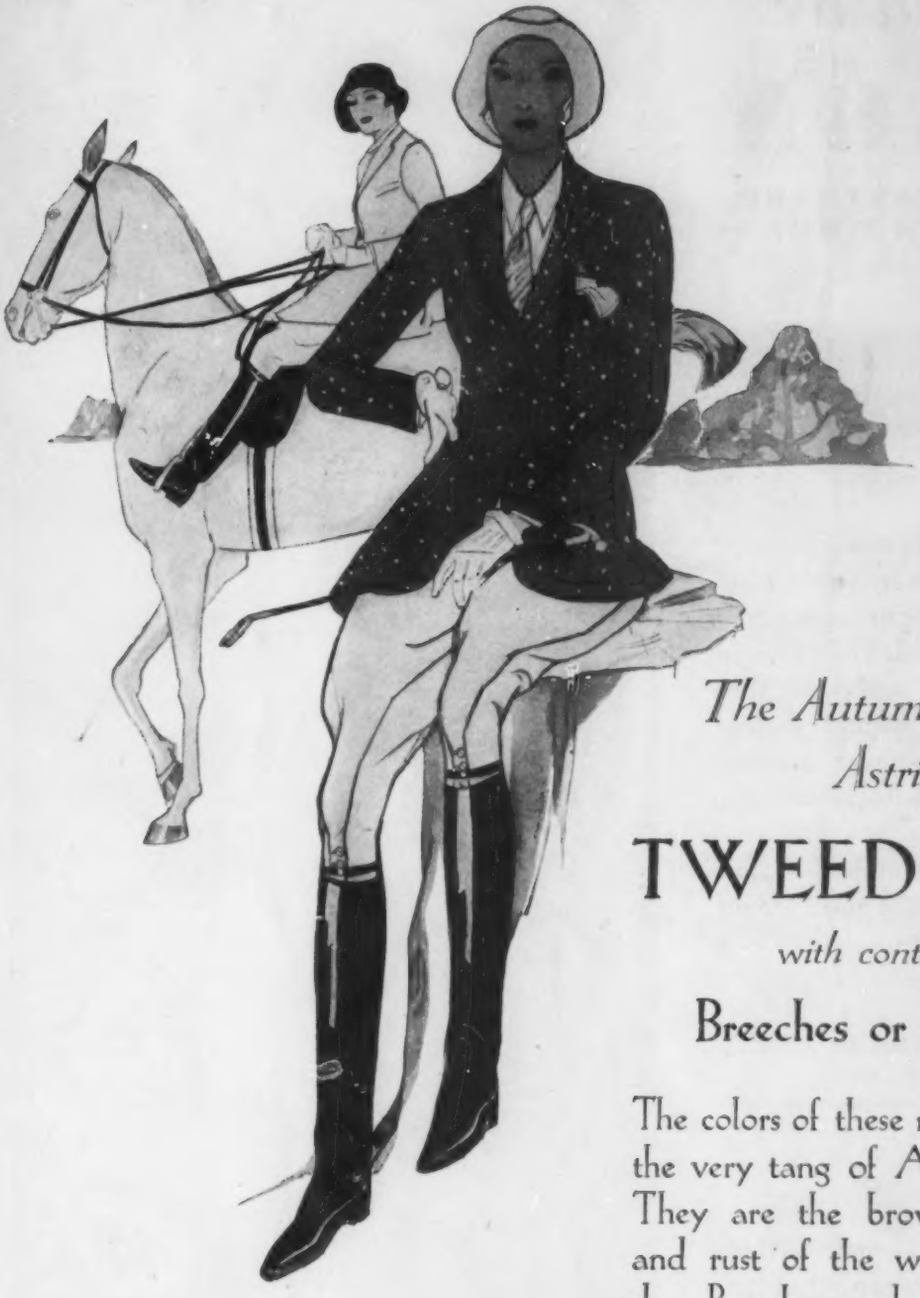

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 26, August 16, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—A young marriage, which was almost upset by a posthumously managing mother. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—Grace George and A. E. Matthews in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year, and winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. Return engagement of R. C. Sherriff's play with a new cast headed by Richard Bird. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE LAST MILE—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jailbreak and the causes leading up to it. (Harris, 42, W.)

LOST SHEEP—Considerable hilarity for the broadminded in a situation resulting from turning a former brothel into a temporary vicarage. A good cast makes it much less shocking than it sounds. Reopens Mon. Eve., Aug. 18. (Selwyn, 42, W.)

LYSISTRATA—Good hearty slapstick from the Greek of Aristophanes, with good hearty sex as its theme. The players include Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. Easily the best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

TOPAZE—The entertaining adventures (from the French) of a hyper-honest school teacher who makes good in business by adopting business methods. Frank Morgan makes a genuine character of the hero. Reopens Mon. Eve., Aug. 18. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly are four as funny people as could be crowded into one show. This particular show happens to be very dirty. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr neighing his way, amid constant screams from the audience, through a good musical show which boasts a DeSylva-Brown-and-Henderson score and Oscar Shaw. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Some good sketches and some fair tunes, with a lot of young people to supply spirit. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—George Jessel, Harriet Hoctor, Bill Robinson and Adelaide Hall will be at the Palace Fri., Aug. 15. Louise Groody and Neville Fleeson will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Aug. 16. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

The following have already opened and will be reviewed later:

DANCING PARTNER—David Belasco's first production of the season. A comedy, with Lynne Overman and Charlotte Granville. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—Violet Heming and Walter Woolf in a comedy by Elmer Harris adapted from the French of Prince Bibesco. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

SUSPENSE—Patrick MacGill's war play, with an all-male cast. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:30 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 23. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing; pleasant and Park Avenue.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and supper in a handsome Joseph Urban setting, cooled by Park breezes. Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 E. 52 (Circle 4863)—For dancing after the theatre. Rosita and Ramon, Russell John, and Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music in a blue-and-gold setting during dinner and supper. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner dancing in a Persian pavilion; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . With a fine view of the harbor: Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000). . . . Other aërial places: Astor Roof, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34; Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not high up, but cool nevertheless: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the few after-theatre places remaining open where you will find it are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes; and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Outdoor dining and dancing.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A big open-air restaurant, with Ted Fiorito's orchestra. Revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tuckahoe, N.Y.—A nice place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Where you will find Texas Guinan. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Go late.

(Continued on page 6)

THE AUGUST SALE OF FUR-LINED COATS *AT LESS THAN SEASON PRICES*

This ahead-of-the-season sale means a saving on ahead-of-the-season fashions in new fur-lined coats cut on semi-fitted lines that give them the slimness of silk lined coats.

IN THE AUGUST SALE

Left — Kashmir coat in black, brown, Pirate blue, green or tan with beaver collar and cuffs, lined with Russian muskrat. Also black with Persian lamb, lined with lock squirrel.

120.00

Season's Price $165.00

Right — Tweed coat in blue, brown or black and white with natural wolf collar, red with platinum wolf or tan with blue dyed wolf. Lined with rabbit fur.

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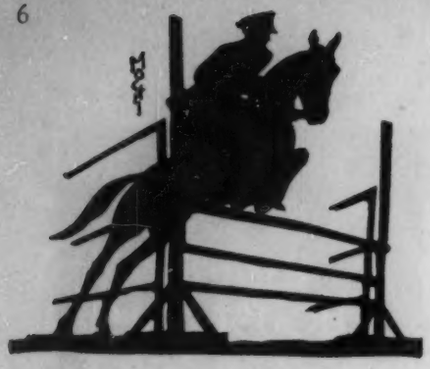

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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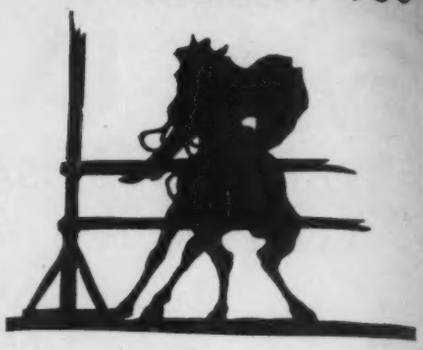

(Continued from page 4)

NOTES—For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., recommended for exquisite cuisine; expensive. . . . For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG HOUSE—The best of the prison pictures; well recorded, but with a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

FOR THE DEFENSE—William Powell as the kind of lawyer every crook needs to know. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 16-19; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A very fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive of the original London cast. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; starting Fri., Aug. 15; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

RAFFLES—Ronald Colman mixing crime and cricket in an adaptation of the Hornung story. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

THE UNHOLY THREE—Lon Chaney in a talkie of his old silent picture. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 16-18; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "All Quiet on the Western Front," life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel; "Holiday," the Philip Barry comedy nicely screened; "With Byrd at the South Pole," interesting and well-photographed pictures of the great expedition.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

HELL'S ANGELS—The big aviation picture. Opens Fri. Eve., Aug. 15, at two theatres. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46. 8:30 P.M.)

OLD ENGLISH—George Arliss in a movie of Galsworthy's play. Opens Thurs. Eve., Aug. 21. (Warner, B'way at 52. 8:45 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

MOBY DICK—John Barrymore in the talkie version of the Melville tale. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Monet, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Segonzac, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, concerts nightly at 8:30; Coates conducting through Sun., Aug. 17; Van Hoogstraten resumes conducting Mon., Aug. 18. The Hall Johnson Negro Choir will sing Tues. and Wed. Eves., Aug. 19 and 20, only: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall: Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:45, and Sun. Eve., at 8:30. . . . N.Y.U. Campus: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., at 8:45, and Sat. Eve., at 8:30. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—Every Thurs. Eve., at 8:30, weather permitting: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., Aug. 16 and 23, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 17, at 8:30, over WJZ. . . . Wed. Eve., Aug. 20, at 8:45, over WNYC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Aug 18, at 10, over WJZ.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 19 and 21, at 8:30 over WOR.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Wed. Eve., Aug. 20, at 10, over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.): Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri., Aug. 15; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat. through Tues., Aug. 16-19; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 21-24. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

DOG SHOWS—North Shore Kennel Club Show, Smithtown, L.I., Sat., Aug. 23. . . . Rhode Island Kennel Club Show, Newport, R.I., Sat., Aug. 23.

HORSE SHOWS—Newport Horse Show, Newport, R.I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 15 and 16. . . . East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 16. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., Aug. 23.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N.Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

SPEEDBOAT RACES—Gold Cup Regatta, on the Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 16 and 17.

TENNIS—Men's and Women's Eastern Grass Championships, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y.: finals, Sat. and Sun. Afts., Aug. 16 and 17. . . . National Women's Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.: starting Mon. Aft., Aug. 18, at 2:30; matches every Aft. thereafter through Sat., Aug. 23. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:33 and 2:07 P.M.). . . Newport Casino Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I.: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 18-23.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Port Washington Yacht Club, Sat., Aug. 16; New York Athletic Club, Sat., Aug. 23. . . . Trial races for selection of America's Cup defender, off Newport, starting Wed., Aug. 20. . . . International races, Canada vs. Barnegat, Barnegat Bay, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 22 and 23.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in Manhattan are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; or Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

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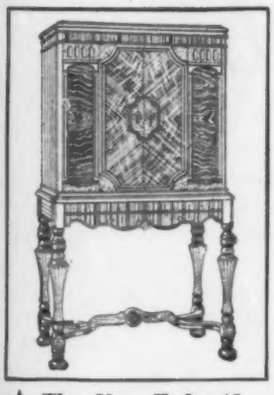

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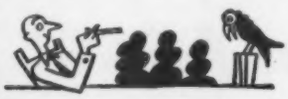
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN outlay of sixty cents for a few dusty green privet bushes—which we planted in butter tubs on our penthouse roof garden—has repaid us many fold. Eleven stories above the street, our small forest has attracted the fauna of the island in gratifying numbers. On June 22 at 10:45 there arrived a male English sparrow, who looked the situation over, cocked his eye, and flew away at 10:46 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. On July 7 at 12 noon there came a medium-sized dragon fly—or what we used to call a darning needle (in the South they call them mosquito hawks). This visitor stayed for one-half a minute, long



enough to do a little darning. On July 12, at dusk, there came with a flutter of wings a Rosella parakeet. Upon alighting he preened his feathers, walked sidewise along the iron fence, and then, seeing us, raised his crest and spoke in a metallic voice: "Hello baby, poo poo a doo, poo poo a doo." Then he departed. Under the bushes, grass sown from heaven is beginning to grow; and yesterday a fuzzy caterpillar crawled rapidly up the side of one of the tubs, on his way home.

OUR annual summer complaint is that New York's restaurants are so stuffy, most of them, and that they can't relax like Parisian cafés. We were noticing the Lafayette in Ninth Street the other evening: that dining-room comes nearer to opening up than most. The whole side of the building opens, so that the dining-room really becomes part of the street life, and in passing one hears the burble of voices and the pling of plates, and sees the diners plain. Of course, in a measure

New York atones for her sins by her roofs, some of which are pretty nice; but there is a certain intimacy about sidewalk-sitting that restaurant proprietors should try to achieve, even though it is not permissible to put tables right on the sidewalk or to serve wine behind less than three walls.

THE one bright hope of the aviation industry, to our mind, is the fact that a modern airplane has a really fascinating control-board. The number of dials has increased enormously since Kitty Hawk, and an instrument panel is now a veritable hotbed of tachometers, bank and climb-indicators, clocks, fuel gauges, induction compasses, ammeters, and temperature-indicators. In cases of a trimotored plane, the thing is almost tripled. This is marvellous, particularly to a person who doesn't know how to fly. Any automobile-dealer will tell you of the irresistible appeal of dials for prospective purchasers. The more gadgets on the dashboard, the easier it is to sell the

car. The same is probably true of airplanes. It is now worth while to own a plane just for the pleasure of playing with the controls, even if you never go up. In fact, it might be profitable for the plane companies to put on a sales campaign among wives and mothers, featuring a model whose wings could be removed so that a husband and father could taxi around a field looking at the jiggers, quite happy.

SUMMER fashion note on the modes of Longacre Square:

The smart woman, or "broad," goes in for billowy organdy and wide-brimmed hats, generally of braided straw; also a great deal of flowered silk, mostly cut on the lines of evening frocks. These are usually worn with bare legs, sport socks, and Deauville sandals. The shadowproof slip is an unknown quantity.

There are lots and lots of twins that dress exactly alike. If they aren't

twins, they are sister acts. Female hair, the color of polished brass, is worn; and there are not a few "blueing blondes." The lighter the hair, the more sunburn powder.

The male or masculine habitués have taken up the silk, short-sleeved polo shirt. This adds a striking note of "undress." One young man was seen in a thin rayon polo shirt, sans underwear. He was elaborately tattooed with crossed American flags on his chest, and other tasty designs covered the stomach and arms. All this could be seen through the transparency of his covering.

One middle-aged fellow was wearing khaki shorts and was criticized by those who were standing in front of the Palace in white linen golf knickerbockers. A number of the boys gave him the Bronx cheer as he passed.

A startling sight is to see the mem-

bers of jazz bands gather in the bright sunlight, attired in correct evening dress. The street is overrun with midgets.

Out of Practice

LATELY returned after living two years in a tranquil part of France, a lady says she has had difficulty in getting into the stride of the city again. She says she was boarding an express train in the subway during the rush hour and that a guard rushed over to her, banged at the doors, and shouted: "Use both feet, lady, use both feet!"

Buried Treasure

THE owner of an estate on the Long Island North Shore strolled with one of his guests to a terrace overlooking the Sound one evening and then startled him by vouchsafing the information that buried directly beneath their feet were three thousand gallons of Bacardi rum, 1917—three thousand gallons. He then told the story of how it came to be there. In 1916 he had invested some money in a company formed to import rum from Cuba. The firm did well for a while but was threatened with bankruptcy by the ratifying of the Eighteenth Amendment. The directors decided to dissolve, and offered the stockholders a choice of ten cents on the dollar or the equivalent of the par value of their stock in rum at the wholesale price. The gentleman chose the rum, though a teetotaler all his life, and though he was vague as to how much liquor his investment was worth. He was astonished when five large trucks drove up one day and deposited five cargoes of liquor at his door. He stored it in his cellar for a while; then, as things settled down to the present round of hijacking, holdups, raids, and so on, he had a concrete pit built beneath his terrace and put his treasure there. He has never opened the vault since it was built. He's always worried for fear gangsters will learn about the place and blow it up or something.

Champion in Miniature

A GENTLEMAN golfer who rather fancies his game stopped on his way home from the links the other day at a Tom Thumb course on the outskirts of the town and, just for the fun of the thing, took on the professional there for a round. To his amazement, the fellow beat him soundly, making most of the holes in one. Thinking he had discovered something in the way of an unknown wonder, the gentleman invited him out to his own course next afternoon and with him as partner made up a foursome with two other fellows he had been losing money to for some time. Here, however, the Tom Thumb professional went completely to pieces, sliced drives, missed approaches. The gentleman wound up the match some ninety dollars behind. He was marching back to the clubhouse, brooding and silent, when his guest, rather shyly, began expressing his thanks. "You know," he said, "that was great. I've always wanted to play golf on a real golf course, and this here is the first chance I ever had to do it."

Owner of Gallant Fox

MR. WILLIAM WOODWARD, who owns the sensational three-year-old, Gallant Fox, is a quiet, courteous

"Get a load of him—he's the Anti-Saloon League's sugar daddy."

gentleman, tall (over six feet), with something of the English country squire in his manner. By profession he is a banker, and hence something of a novelty in sporting circles. Bankers, as a rule, don't go in for horse racing because it doesn't seem dignified and conservative. Woodward got interested in the sport when he was in London around the beginning of the century, serving in the American embassy. It was not until ten years later, however, that he began to get together a stable of his own. At that time his uncle died, leaving him all of his holdings in the Hanover National Bank, of which he shortly became president, and his country estate, Belair, in Maryland. Belair was ideal for horses. It had seen them before. It was originally the home of Governor Samuel Ogle, of Maryland, who imported the first thoroughbreds from England away back in 1747 and bred them there.

For a time Mr. Woodward raced his horses indirectly, leasing the stable to another owner, but six years ago, he brought them out under his own colors and the name Belair Stud. Except for the first year or two, they have had winners every season. In five years, the stable has won $1,300,000 in purses.

Woodward thinks horses should be bred for stamina rather than for extreme speed. For this reason, he has done most of his buying in the French market, where horses are sturdier. One of his best buys was made four years ago, when he and three others, Marshall Field III, Robert A. Fairbairn, and A. B. Hancock, bought Sir Gallahad III, one of the leading French horses, for $125,000. You couldn't get the horse now for three-quarters of a million. Gallant Fox was bred from him, and the rest of his sons and daughters are racing with remarkable success. Petee-Wrack, for one, a half-brother of the Fox, is one of the leading handicap horses in the country. Gallant Fox, to date, has won $274,000, —$225,000 of that this year—not to mention three or four silver trophies worth $15,000 or so. If he has luck, he ought to bring in $100,000 more this fall. This would put his winnings higher than those of any other race horse in history.

Mr. Woodward's interest extends beyond horses themselves, into pictures of them. In his town house at 9 East Eighty-sixth Street he has a notable collection of paintings of famous race horses. One, of Eclipse, an early English thoroughbred, is valued at $75,000. He got out a book a little while ago, "Cherished Portraits of Thoroughbred Horses." It is now much sought after. He gets up at five o'clock frequently to see his stable taking its morning gallop, and goes to all races in which any of his horses run. He frets a good deal about them. This spring, while Gallant Fox was winning the Wood Stakes, the Preakness, and the Kentucky Derby, he lost twenty pounds in weight. He never bets on races.

Dollar Rug

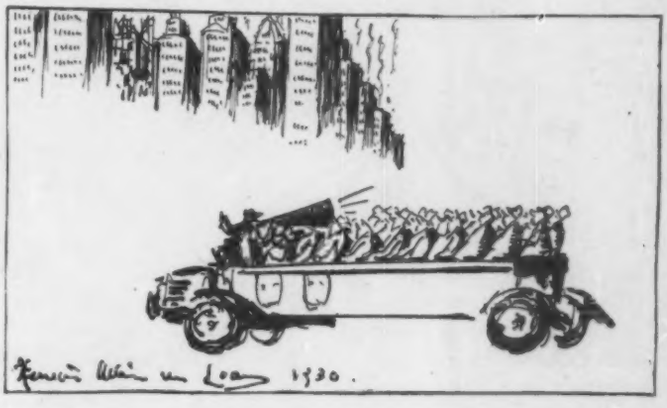
OUR spy at the Custom House reports a recent importation of note. A few days ago one of the newer millionaires returned from Asia Minor with a rug of enormous size, of the silkiest texture, of the finest weave—its design an exact copy, of course much enlarged, of an American dollar bill. It was an idea that had come to him just like that, he had gone over to Bokhara to see the rug made, and he was now personally bringing it home with him. He thought it would look well in the Jacobean dining-room.

Old House

A GOOD way to spend the morning, if you like Early American furniture and country air, is to go up to Van Cortlandt Park and visit the old Van Cortlandt house. It's larger, older, and less exciting than the Poe cottage, at which, you may remember we reported, merrymakers sometimes show up late at night and try to get in. There's no trouble like that at the Van Cortlandt place, possibly because it looks less like a Boston Post Road teahouse. It is impressive, has ten rooms, and was built by Frederick Van Cortlandt in 1748, when New York wasn't much of a place to visit, but was nice to live in. The beams in the kitchen today are the same beams that were there in the beginning. It's nice, on hot days, to muse upon kitchen beams a hundred and eighty-two years old.

The city bought the house from the Van Cortlandt family back in the nineties, and placed it in the loving care of the Colonial Dames. The Dames fitted it out with Chippendale furniture, old pewter, china, wooden scales, etc., and the Rhinelanders presented various Colonial gadgets, including a prison window from the old Sugar House in Duane Street, which the British used as a jail for American soldiers during the Revolution.

Fifty thousand people visit the place every year. Fifty thousand, Mr. Howard Page, the caretaker, admits, is just a rough estimate: Mr. Page is much too dignified to count visitors. Occasionally, however, he has to unbend and kick somebody out. Some people try to make off with souvenirs, such as the "Spanish vulture taken from a Spanish privateer in the Revolutionary War and presented to Frederick Van Cortlandt by Admiral Digby of the British Navy"—a knicknack that one would naturally like to have in one's den. Mr. and Mrs. Page used to live in the house itself, when they first came there thirty years ago, but around 1915 the Colonial Dames decided this was somehow sacrilegious, so they built a special house for the Pages, connecting with the Van Cortlandt house. It has a garden and everything you could want. Most of the year, Mr. Page hasn't much to do except attend to his mustaches, which are incredibly impressive for so small a man, but every May he works himself into an alarming state seeing that all the andirons are polished, the family portraits dusted, and that everything looks neat and clean. For in May, at an appointed date, a select group of the Colonial Dames descends upon the house for an annual business meeting and picnic.



Headed by Mrs. William Adams Brown, Mrs. Lea Luquer, and Miss Alice Lounsberry, they sit on camp-stools specially rented for the day, eat chicken sandwiches prepared by Mrs. Page, decide to continue charging twenty-five cents

admission on Thursdays, and all go home with rose fever.

Tea for Two

INTO one of the Hindu restaurants of the city, at dinnertime, came a gentleman with a pretty lady. He was unmistakably a gourmet: he had been places and eaten things, and strove to impress his companion. He spoke of frozen caribou in Baffin Land, of *bouillabaisse* in Marseille, of the fried black beans of Guatemala, and so on. But, he wound up, nothing could surpass the food of the Hindus, the spices and the sauces and the curries and the chutneys—and the teas, ah, the teas. The lady was speechless with admiration and anticipation. The gentleman grandly gestured at the waiter. "Ah—what kind of teas have you?" he asked. "White Rose," said the waiter.

Specialist

MR. AL SINTON makes the noises for the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the other day he showed us how it's done. First, he grasped two cheap dessert spoons and clicked the handles together. On the radio that sounds like swords clashing in a duel. If you actually clicked fencing foils together before a microphone it would sound like auto fenders colliding.

Mr. Sinton, a serious, slightly built man, has a small room adjoining the studios, filled with an amazing collection of whatnot. He picked up a berry basket and twisted its frail wood in his hands. "Cops smashing a door with axes," he said. Remember when you hear the doors beaten down in a police raid that it's Mr. Sinton solemnly mangling a berry basket. He thumbed some cornstarch in a bowl, that was men crunching snow underfoot; he twisted a rickety kitchen chair—wind in the rigging of a ship; he squeezed a leather billfold—a door creaking on its hinges. The effect of a waterfall is got by rustling tissue paper in the hands; a faint sound in a room, a tumbling torrent over the air.

Mr. Sinton experiments and rehearses incessantly. Now and then he comes upon brilliant successes by accident, such as the time he found a noise like the Chicago Fire, urgently sought by one of the big hours. He had taken a dress shirt from its sheath of heavy, oiled paper one evening, crumpled the paper up, and was about to throw it aside when his ever-alert ears pricked up. He crumpled the paper again. "Eureka!" he exclaimed. "The Chicago Fire!" A log fire is made with isinglass.

The noisemaker scrapes a toothpick on a nail-file to get the creak of a hammock swinging, twists one glass tumbler inside another for the screech of automobile brakes, cranks a coffee-grinder to achieve the noise of a big factory at work, and twangs an elastic to get the sound of William Tell's bow. The sound of the arrow in flight is more difficult. Mr. Sinton has to make this with his mouth. It took a lot of rehearsal to get it exactly right. The sounds of oarlocks and of sleighbells are the only ones that have defied Mr. Sinton's ingenuity. He has to use the real articles for these. He does it in a far corner of the room. Explosions are also made in a far corner—Mr. Sinton smacks a bass drum with the flat of his hand. Mr. Sinton, after four years of experiment, has invented a machine which will make thirty-three noises. It looks like a Victrola but is bigger. It has sheet iron for thunder, dried peas on a drumhead for rain, all kinds of whistles, bells, and sirens, and a resined string which Mr. Sinton pulls to get barks, cackles, crowings, and roars. The harder he pulls the string the bigger the animal that answers him. Mr. Sinton began in the theatre, firing guns and dropping boxes of glass backstage, and worked up.

No Backward Step

IT was too warm to meet any new situations the other afternoon, which is probably why the harried traffic cop in question—at a Fifth Avenue crossing—just finally gave this one up. The lights had gone red and he had raised his hand and whistled for up and downtown cars to stop. They stopped, but one of them, driven by a woman, came to a halt somewhat past the building line. The traffic officer gestured at her. "Back up there!" he bawled. "I don't back," responded the lady firmly. The surprised policeman lumbered over to her. "What was 'at?" he demanded. "I said I don't back," repeated the lady. "I can go forward and make right and left turns and stop, but I don't back." The cop pondered this. The lights went green again. The cop sighed. He walked sadly back to his post, and whistled her on.

The Library

LAST Friday, feeling rather desperate, we browsed around in the Public Library, a place we have long intended to explore. We were surprised to find out that underneath the main reading-room there are seven levels as vast as the decks of the Leviathan and all filled with books. Into these precincts the public rarely finds its way. We were shown about by a special guide, who told us that this great space is far from ample for the Library's books, even though the long lines of shelves extend, on each floor, for nearly two city blocks. Practically every member of the staff is full of plans for enlarging the Library to twice as much floor space, but there is no money available just now for the work.

We were interested in a great collection of material on sports, got together by the late A. G. Spalding and given to the library by his wife. These shelves, on the third level, or C-deck, should be visited if you want to learn the story of tennis, lotto, dominoes, hockey, bezique, hearts, croquet, jujutsu, or how to tell the funnel marks of one coastwise steamship from another (a game possibly like Beaver). We found out that baseball—which occupies the most space—started with a pastime called "bound ball" and progressed through barn ball, one old cat, two old cat, three old cat, four old cat, and town ball. Mr. Spalding's interest in games and sports was nothing if not catholic. There is a book on baccarat by a woman, a guide to cricket by a maharajah, and a discussion of *l'art de la boxe* by a Frenchman.

OLD faded photographs and tintypes of athletes, many of them unidentified, may be seen also—these are in the Print Room. The Spalding collection left off some years ago and we saw no likenesses of Babe Ruth and his play-

"See that spire? That's the old Chrysler Building."

mates. We did see the fighting face of Mr. Sid Farrar, who was the father of Geraldine, although he always accented the first syllable of the family name, and who played in the eighties along with one W. A. Sunday, listed here as "ballplayer and evangelist." The miscellaneous photographs include some strange items, such as Little Girl (name unknown), King James the First of England, and Unidentified Woman (Rockford, Ill.).

We learned that one of the Library's great woes is that it has no complete day-to-day record of the American theatre on its shelves. There is one extremely valuable collection of news clippings and two of theatre programs, but there are great gaps in the chronicle of plays and players. The Library people have sought for years to interest theatrical men in raising a fund to complete the collection and keep it up to date, but nothing has come of their efforts.

More than two thousand books a day go out from the Library, we were told, forty per cent of them fiction. The average book is done for after it has been taken out seventy times. Amazingly enough, there are more men than women among the readers, probably because the women use the branch libraries, of which there are forty-four around town.

Etiquette

OUR Washington correspondent reports a charming innovation in post-prohibition etiquette observed at a dinner party given by a lady whose reputation for resourcefulness is nationwide. Before dinner the butler appeared with a tray of cocktails. The hostess preceded him as he moved about the room, whispering to him. "This gentleman is wet," she would say, or, "This gentleman is dry." The wets got cocktails and the drys weren't offered them, and nobody was embarrassed.

—THE NEW YORKERS

THE 1930'S

Weekend Guests—Sunday Morning after Saturday Night

THE CHISELLER

Old Man Tabb was never really cut out to be a manager for a fighter. He seemed too short and too fat, although he was only getting tubby around the waist the last year, when Billy got a lot of work in the small clubs fighting at the flyweight limit. But if it hadn't been for his old man Billy would have been simply a chesty little bum standing at night on the street corners spitting after cops when they passed. The old man and Billy were both about the same size—five foot two in their bare feet—only the old man weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds and Billy one hundred and twelve.

Poppa Tabb had always wanted his son to amount to something in the world and didn't like the stories he used to hear about his son being chased over backyard fences by policemen. And it hurt him when Billy was sent down for three months for tripping a cop and putting the boots to him. So he thought his son might want to be a fighter and he made an arrangement with a man named Tommy Cassidy, who was very experienced with young fighters, to act as Billy's trainer and handler, and he himself held the contract as the manager. After Billy started fighting in the small clubs, Poppa Tabb bought two white sweaters with "Billy Tabb" on the back in black letters, one for himself and one for Tommy Cassidy. It was at this time that Poppa Tabb began to get a little fat around the waist. He used to sit over in the sunlight by the door of the fire hall and tell the firemen about Billy. He used to sit there and bite his mustaches and talk about "me and Billy," and have a splendid warm glowing feeling way down deep inside him.

Late at night he used to wait for Billy to come home from drinking parties with fast women. He waited, walking up and down the small room of their house, and shook his head and imagined that Billy had got into an automobile accident. When Billy came in and started to take off his shoes, Poppa Tabb, sitting opposite him, was so worried he said: "I want you not to stay out so late, Billy."

Billy looked at him and his face got red. Standing up and coming closer, he said to his old man: "You tryin' to ride me, eh?"

"No, only I know what's good for you, son."

"Yeah. Maybe I know what's good for me. Maybe I know you're not so good for me."

"There are some things you've got to do, Billy."

Billy raised his fist. "You want something? You want something? You want something?"

"Don't hit me, Billy."

"Say you want something and I'll smack you. Or stop tryin' to ride me."

After that when Billy came in late Poppa Tabb just looked at his slick hair and bright sharp eyes and smelled the perfume on his clothes and couldn't say anything to him. He only wished that Billy would tell him everything that people had said to him. Billy, for him, had become a very important man and he wanted to share the exciting times in his life and have the same feeling, talking to him, that he got when he held up the water pail and handed the sponge to Tommy Cassidy at the ringside.

Billy did so well in the small clubs that bigger promoters offered him work. But they always talked business with Tommy Cassidy, and Poppa Tabb felt that they were trying to leave him out of it. Just before Billy fought Frankie Genaro, the flyweight champion, who was willing to fight almost anyone so long as he kept on working, Poppa Tabb was unhappy because he had heard stories that Dick Hallam, the mining man, who liked owning pieces of fighters, was getting interested in Billy and taking him on swell parties. At nights now Billy hardly ever talked to his old man, but he still expected him to wait on him like a servant.

And Old Man Tabb was thinking about it a lot at home the afternoon of the Genaro fight and he was so worried he went downtown looking for Billy and asking newsboys at the corners, old friends of Billy's, if they had seen him. In the afternoon Billy usually passed by the newsstands and talked with the boys till smaller kids came along and whispered, staring at him. Poppa Tabb found Billy in an armchair lunch looking to see if his name had got into the papers and thrusting big forkfuls of chocolate cake into his wide mouth. The old man looked at him and wanted to rebuke him for eating the chocolate cake but was afraid, so he said: "'Lo, Billy."

"Uh," Billy said.

The old man said carefully: "I don't like this here talk about you stepping around too much with that guy Hallam."

"You don't, eh?" Billy said, pushing his fine brown felt hat further back on his narrow brow and wrinkling his forehead.

"You see what I mean, Billy."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, nothing, I guess, Billy."

"You said it, and that's O.K. with me," Billy said flatly. Without looking up again he went on eating cake and reading the papers intently as if his old man hadn't spoken to him at all.

The Genaro fight was an extraordinary success for Billy. Of course he didn't win. Genaro will probably go on winning flyweight decisions until he is sixty because of his way of fighting—a kind of a waltz and a clutch while he's tired, and when he is fresh and strong he uses a swift pecking left hand that cuts the eyes. But Billy likes a man to come in close and hold on, for he puts his head on his chest and flails with both hands, and no one can hold his arms as they swing far back and in till he has the short ribs and under the heart smeared red. Once he gets in close his arms work with a beautiful tireless precision, and the crowd, liking a great body-puncher, begins to roar, and Old Man Tabb puts his head down and jumps around, looking up at Billy and making all his motions. Billy's eye was cut and his lips were thick. But it didn't matter whether he won the flyweight title or not, for soon he would be a bantamweight and then a featherweight, the way he was growing.

Everybody was shouting when Billy left the ring, holding his bandaged hands up high over his head, and rushed up the aisle to the dressing-room, the crowd still roaring as he passed through the tiers of seats and the people who tried to touch him with their hands. His gown had fallen off his shoulders. His seconds were running on ahead shouting: "Out of the way! Out of the way!" and Billy, his face puffed, his brown body glistening under the lights, followed, looking straight ahead, his wild eyes bulging. The crowd closed in behind him at the door of the dressing-room.

Poppa Tabb had a hard time getting

"Can't you think of anythin' else to do but criticize Queens?"

through the crowd for he couldn't go up the aisle as rapidly as Billy and the seconds. He was holding his cap tightly in his hands. He had put on a coat over his white "Billy Tabb" sweater. His thin hair was wet and plastered down on his head as he lurched forward. His mustaches seemed to be spread all over his lips. The neckband of his shirt stuck up from under the sweater and a yellow collar-button shone in the lamplight. "Let me in, let me in," he kept saying, almost hysterical with excitement. "It's my kid, what the hell, it's my kid." The policeman at the door, who recognized him, said: "Come on in, Pop."

BILLY TABB was stretched out on the rubbing-table and his handlers were working over him just as gently as a mechanic fingers a piece of delicate and expensive machinery. The room smelled strongly of liniment. Everybody was talking. Tommy Cassidy was sitting at the end of the table, talking with Dick Hallam, a tall thin man with well-pressed trousers. Old Man Tabb stood there blinking momentarily and then moved closer to Billy. He didn't like Hallam's spats and his pearl-gray felt hat and his sharp long nose. Old Man Tabb was afraid of Hallam and stood there fingering the long yellow collar-button at the front of his shirt.

"Hello, Pop," Hallam said, smiling expansively.

"How do," Pop said, hunching his shoulders and wishing Billy would look at him. They were working on Billy's back muscles and his face was flat against the board. His back rose and fell as he breathed deeply.

"Have a cigar, Pop?" Hallam said.

"No thanks."

"No? Well, I got some good news for you, little fellow," the mining man said, flicking the end of his nose with his forefinger.

"You've got no good news for me," Poppa Tabb said, still wishing Billy would look up at him.

"Sure I have. Billy comes of age in a few months and I'm going to take his contract over—most of it, anyway—and have Cassidy look after him. So he won't be needing you no more."

"What's this?" Old Man Tabb said to Cassidy.

"It's entirely up to you, Mr. Tabb," Cassidy said, looking down at the floor and feeling cheap.

"Yes sir, Billy made good tonight and I'm going to take a piece of him," Hallam said, glancing down at the shiny toes of his shoes. "The boy'll get on when I start looking after him. I'll get stuff for him you couldn't touch. He needs my influence. A guy like you can't expect to go on indefinitely taking a big cut on Billy."

"So you're going to horn in?" Old Man Tabb said.

"Me horn in? That's good coming from a guy what never did anything but horn in on Billy."

"You can go fry an egg," Poppa Tabb said flatly. "I'm sticking with Billy. You're taking no piece of him.

"Pipe down," Billy said, looking up suddenly.

"Pipe down is right, little fellow," Hallam said. "You're through hornin' in."

"You're not fooling me, Hallam. You're just after a cut on Billy."

"A cheap chiseller like you saying that to a guy like me," Hallam said scornfully.

BILLY was sitting up listening, his hands held loosely in his lap. The room was hot and smelled of sweat. Old Man Tabb, turning, went to put his hand on Billy's shoulder. "Tell him to beat it, Billy," he said.

"Keep your hands off me. You know you've horned in all my life."

"Sure I have, Billy. You know how it's always been with me, Billy. I don't want to take anything from you. Say the word and I won't take a red cent. I just want to stick with you, Billy. See?"

"You never went so big with me," Billy said.

"But there's nothing bigger with me than you, Billy. Tell this smart guy to run along." Again he tried to put his hand on Billy's shoulder.

"So you'd insult my friend, would you, you cheap chiseller," Billy said. "The hell you will." He swung a short right to his father's chin. Old Man Tabb sat down on the floor, his heels tilting up. He was ready to cry but kept on looking at Billy, who was glaring at him.

"After all, he's your old man. Don't hit him again," Hallam said.

"He's through. He can get out. I'm through with him."

"Sure you are, but you don't need to paste him again. He'll get out."

THEY watched Tommy Cassidy helping Old Man Tabb to get up. "What are you going to do about this?" Tommy Cassidy was muttering to him. "You ought to be able to do something, Poppa."

Old Man Tabb shook his head awkwardly. He was very pale. "No, there's nothing, Tommy."

"But he's your boy, and it's up to you. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing. I guess I've always been chiselling on Billy."

"If it's all right with you, Poppa, then it's all right with me," Cassidy said.

Old Man Tabb was standing there limply. He seemed to be waiting for something that would finish him. His lower jaw began to fall a little. He did not move.

"Well, that's that," Hallam said finally. He took a cigar out of his pocket, looked at it closely, and suddenly thrust it into Old Man Tabb's open mouth. "Have a cigar," he said. "Better run along, old-timer."

Poppa Tabb's teeth closed down rigidly on the cigar. It was sticking straight out of his mouth as he went out, without looking back. The crowd had gone and the big building was empty. It was dark down by the ring. He didn't look at anything. The unlighted cigar stuck out of his mouth awkwardly as he went out the big door to the street. —MORLEY CALLAGHAN

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ANOTHER SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY SHAKES ART WORLD

FOLLOWING several such happenings earlier this year, considerable agog has been caused in artistic and sponge-bathing circles by the sponging off of a couple of old Rembrandts and a Titian only to find that they were fakes with something entirely different painted under the top layer. A lot of people now don't know *where* they stand with their Rembrandts.

The latest of these discoveries was held, under leaden skies, in the Early Ming Wafer Room of the Rockaway Beach Museum of Fine Arts, where what was supposed to be a Romney-Rembrandt (begun by Romney and finished by Rembrandt) was taken upstairs and given a good washing. Well, sir, the things they found!

The accompanying reproductions show the portrait as it has been hanging in the Rockaway Beach Museum of Fine Arts (from now on in this article the Rockaway Beach Museum of Fine Arts will be known as "Ted" for short) together with the canvas after it had been cleaned, showing what was originally painted on it. It hardly seems possible, does it? Or perhaps you aren't reading this.

The so-called "original" portrait was one of Lady Anne Massinghayme (or Massinghemme [or Feibleman]) who was, according to the police, the mistress of Louis ("The Dope") XV, later Mistress of Hounds at the Belleville Hunt Club. It is said that Romney, who began the portrait when a young man and then got sick of it, was secretly in love with the lady, which would account for his not having taken very much pains with the butterfly's face. Just how Rembrandt came to finish the portrait has never been completely explained, chiefly because nobody has ever asked. If the thing *is* ever dragged up in court there is going to be quite a mess, as Rembrandt was dead when Romney was born.

The mock Romney-Rembrandt has been in the possession of a Mr. Wheer, who found it in bed with him one morning when he woke up after seeing the Ile de France off. He was mystified at the time as to how he had got it, but when the art experts told him that it was an original Romney-Rembrandt, he said: "Oh, that explains it!" In a few days, however, he loaned it to the Art Museum until Monday. What with one thing and another they never got around to returning it. On the contrary, one day when there was company coming, they took it upstairs to give it a thorough cleaning and soon

discovered what you will see in the other picture. Now you may look!

The original design on the canvas seems to have been more of a medieval morality picture. It tells a story. In the upper left-hand corner we see the three Graces (Grace Holtz, Grace Leary, and Grace Godolphin) starting out on a stag-hunt. Grace Holtz, the leader, doesn't care whether they catch a stag or not, as she has *got* her cigar. Hunting the stag was something of a ritual in those days and had a great deal of symbolism connected with it. The three birds, for example, all mean something. Not much, but something. The three dogs have evidently escaped while the mother dog (upper right) is running down a tick for the trophy-room. There is some doubt about the meaning of the dog with the horns who resembles M. Tardieu, but experts are agreed that he doesn't like the birds, which really gives him no claim to distinction at all. *No*body would like those birds.

We gather that the canvas in its original state was something of a scratch-pad for Romney, which would explain the telephone numbers (as well as anything could explain them), although somebody else seems to have drawn the two animals (mother and cub) next to the instructions for the milkman. No matter how you look at it, or what the symbolism is, these two animals are *not* well drawn. They are not even the work of a man who could draw well if he tried. They are just miserable.

To try to carry the stag-hunt story down into the foreground, where the dolphin and the lion are, would seem to be folly. They must be part of another idea entirely. The basic theme behind the whole thing may be that if you have got a canvas you might as well put some paint on it, which would make Romney the founder of the modernistic school of painting. Then this *would* be a find!

—Robert Benchley

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OF ALL THINGS

THE way of the enforcer is still hard. Woodcock made an eloquent plea for obedience to the law, and then the drought came along and made it practically unpatriotic to take a drink of water.

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Our police raided an alleged publishing company in Forty-second Street and found it to be a gambling joint. It is believed, however, that no action will be taken against publishers who are gambling in dollar books.

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Following the announcement of H. L. Mencken's fall from bachelorhood, he was ruthlessly elected to membership in the Kiwanis Club of Montgomery. In Alabama there is no law against kicking a man when he is down.

•

It gradually dawns upon us that the Communists and the police do not mix well socially. They should hold their riots separately and refuse to invite each other.

•

Ugly charges are being bandied about town that midget golf has to pay heavily for protection. We hadn't realized that the little fellow was old enough to be a racket.

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Revelations following the murder of a popular Detroit radio-announcer made a mess of his reputation, as in the case of Lingle of Chicago. We begin to suspect that getting assassinated is the poorest thing one can do.

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Mr. Dawes is going in for an exhaustive study of prehistoric man. He brings to the science of anthropology a profound knowledge of the Senate and the Court of St. James's.

•

In a desperate effort to attract paying guests, the minor leagues are trying night baseball. If this fails we must have a Selective Service Act.

•

Mayor Walker says there are no cracks in the structure of our city government; but maybe he wouldn't recognize them unless they were wisecracks.

—Howard Brubaker

A VILLA IN BRITTANY

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

THE summer ended, and the time came for the Motts and Poulters to leave Ste. Amélie and the Villa *Ha! Ça Me Plaît!* and return to Paris; and the first step in the hegira was the dragging forth, for purposes of survey, the masses of foreign matter that accumulate in foreign villas (including the Scandinavian) during a prolonged family occupancy. Messieurs Poulter and Mott would have been pleased to throw, or give, almost all of it away; but as their wives had other ideas, the Great Discard ended in nothing whatever but the hurried last-minute purchase of extra boxes to accommodate what the breadwinners spoke of, for want of a more savage expression, as "offal." One of the men was to drive the Renault back to town, the other to act as courier, town major, and *maréchal de logis* for the main body. They drew lots. Mr. Mott won, and no father of a family will fail to guess his choice.

The day came. Mr. Mott, in the Renault, piloted the two families to the station, saw the party of fourteen aboard the eight-twelve, and immediately ran, did not walk, to the café across the street and soothed his tumultuous soul with a small beer. Then he drove back to the villa to pack "all the little things there wasn't room for" into the Renault (like a dear), and start off across country in pursuit. Anyhow, he reflected, they were aboard the train.

HE found the trifles in the front hall, looking wistful, like the remnants of a fire sale, and managed to worm his way through them without toppling over a single pile, wondering what had been thrown away, if this were saved. Nevertheless, he manfully began stowing the collection into the Renault's capacious tonneau, and having filled the tonneau to more than overflowing, he took it all out again and started over, more scientifically—heavy objects at the bottom; then, of course, he did it again, this time with many a savage wedging and prying and muttered oath—as who would not, when the principal items comprised such impossibly shapeless objects as: a folding table, containing six steel chairlets, for *fêtes-champêtres*; two large yachts, Tuileries Cup class, fully rigged; last week's wash, in cardboard; ten bathing suits, wet; two large boxes containing more books than they could hold, without covers; another box, covered, contents unknown, but suspected of containing a few pairs of diver's boots; a folding wooden cot; three straw suitcases, secured with string—"The smart woman," remembered Mr. Mott, "travels with *matched* luggage;" four hoops; a curious apparatus of slats and rails, imperfectly folded, which Mr. Mott believed to be what is called a "Kiddy-Koop;" a tin bathtub—"Why?" he asked himself; a hat-box; four tennis racquets in presses; and lastly (he thought), two crockery utensils closely related to the care and feeding of infants. Lastly? But no! For he immediately discovered, lurking bashfully beneath a pile of overcoats, an equally unmentionable piece of nursery furniture which would be described in vivid army style as "1/12th dozen *chaises-percées*, wicker, infant, for use of." Mr. Mott mentioned the Deity, and thought what to do. He *could* lash it to the top of the load, he reflected; but he ruled against that for fear of its playing the part of an oriflamme, like the white helmet of Navarre, to rally the peasantry when he had to stop en route. He decided to send it by *rapide*, the French equivalent of express.

MR. MOTT was a man of considerable sense of personal dignity. Nevertheless he picked the cursed thing up and started off toward town, in search of an *emballeur*, or packer, pretending to himself, for encouragement, that it was something else—a hopeless thing to do under the circumstances. To further the illusion he first tried swinging it from one hand, negligently, like a stick, but it was clumsy, and bumped his knees; he didn't quite like to carry it upside down on his head down the villa-bordered main road, as he was accustomed to do at home when moving furniture: it didn't look dignified. "Dignified!" he snarled aloud, to the alarm of an elderly lady who was passing at the moment. He ended by embracing it with both arms and pressing it tenderly to his bosom, looking as nonchalant as possible, as though he seldom took a walk without one. He whistled a little, but not successfully.

The road was moderately free from pedestrians, and he was comforted by noticing that except for the frightened old lady, and one stout, bearded cyclist who slowed down to make sure Mr. Mott was really carrying what he seemed to be, and then grinned quietly, nobody appeared to pay much attention to him. That was one thing about France: people minded their business, and let you mind yours. He tried to imagine himself carrying a similar piece of furniture through any British equivalent of the polite residential district he was then in, and blanched with horror at the idea. People didn't seem to notice him, but he thought he detected an occasional soberly puzzled look on the faces of the honest black-clad *bourgeoisie* whom he passed, and this he traced to a comprehensible bewilderment on their part as to just why he should go to all that trouble, with so many fields and stone walls about.

And then, suddenly, Mr. Mott saw approaching in the distance none other than the proprietor of the Château Beauroman, Monsieur de Beauroman himself—the one man of all others he would have preferred not to see at the moment. Not that he disliked M. de Beauroman, or his wife: on the contrary, he admired them both exceedingly, as he admired anything or anyone perfect of its kind. They were, however, all that the phrase *ancien régime* implies—definitely, he thought, in the class of Those Who Would Not Understand.

A few weeks before, Mr. and Mrs. Mott had called at the Château as a result of a solemn promise to a friend at home. It is a well-known fact that a letter of introduction is enough in itself to make any decent person feel like a confidence-man bearing forged documents; but in addition to that sensation—which Mr. Mott duly felt—he had also made what he considered to be a bad break, and he was still sensitive about it. He had made the mistake of attempting an anecdote, in spite of his poor French and the presence of a score or so of French ladies and gentlemen—the Motts had called while a *goûter* was in progress, and there were *limonade*, tea, *porto*, cake, sweet bis-

cuits, vivacious conversation, and slathers of the most exquisite manners—and in the course of the anecdote he had had occasion to use the word "stepfather," and couldn't think of its French equivalent. "What is the name, Monsieur," he finally asked Monsieur de Beauroman, in French, "of the man who marries one's mother?" And Monsieur, the personification of puzzled but still gracious hospitality, had politely murmured the name of the gentleman, since deceased, who had married *his* mother. And Mr. Mott made it no better by trying to explain, being unable by that time to remember the end of his story. It was that M. de Beauroman who was now approaching.

MR. MOTT gazed rigidly ahead, stepping softly. Monsieur came closer and closer, a fine, erect, elderly figure in what was obviously intended to be a smart *costume de sport*—a light gray flannel suit, suede shoes to match, golf cap, white carnation, beautiful mustache. He was almost abreast . . . he *was* abreast. Mr. Mott let his breath go in a sigh of relief. Then—

"*Tiens!* It is Mr. Mott," Monsieur said in French, doffing his hat and turning. "What a happiness! My wife and I were desolated not to have found you at home when we called the other day. And Madame Mott, she carries herself well? She does not find the hot times insupportable?" He didn't so much as glance at Mr. Mott's horrid burden, which Mr. Mott had refrained from hurling over a wall, but had merely set down, in order to lift his hat and take the hand of Monsieur. He mumbled out a few politenesses, feeling like an oaf.

Monsieur continued oblivious of the chair, or so thought Mr. Mott. But no: speaking in the tone of a friendly and competent *connaisseur* of such bibelots: "You are taking the little *chaise-percée* to the merchant of antiques to be appraised, no doubt?" he said with interest.

"No, Monsieur, merely to the *emballeur*, to be sent to its actual owner, the son of a friend," Mr. Mott replied, blessing the other for his tact.

"Ah, but in that case, there is an excellent man at two paces from here. You will permit me to give myself the pleasure of indicating the road to you, as it is just around the corner?"

"Oh, but never, Monsieur, you are too kind, I could never let myself give you so much trouble," Mr. Mott protested, being up on that kind of French.

But Monsieur de Beauroman would not be denied the pleasure of escorting Mr. Mott. "*Mais si*, Monsieur, I insist; and as it is clumsy, *ce machin-là*, you must give me the privilege of aiding you to carry it." And changing his stick to the other hand, he took one arm of the *chaise-percée* and together he and Mr. Mott stepped down the street, bowing and raising their hats gallantly to chance-met acquaintances, the chair gaily swinging between them, Mr. Mott's heart singing with pride, and the chair itself transformed from a badge of shame into a prince's glittering throne. . . .

"BUT you should have left it," said Mrs. Poulter, the owner, when he told her about it a few days later. "I only paid eight francs for it."

Mr. Mott smiled. "You've paid more than that," he said. "I gave the shipping man forty-five francs for *emballage* and express."

"You didn't!"

"I had to. Monsieur de Beauroman insisted on waiting right there until everything arranged itself satisfactorily. Could I haggle? No. I'd cheerfully have paid the man a thousand if he'd asked it. Why, I love that little chair."

—DONALD MOFFAT

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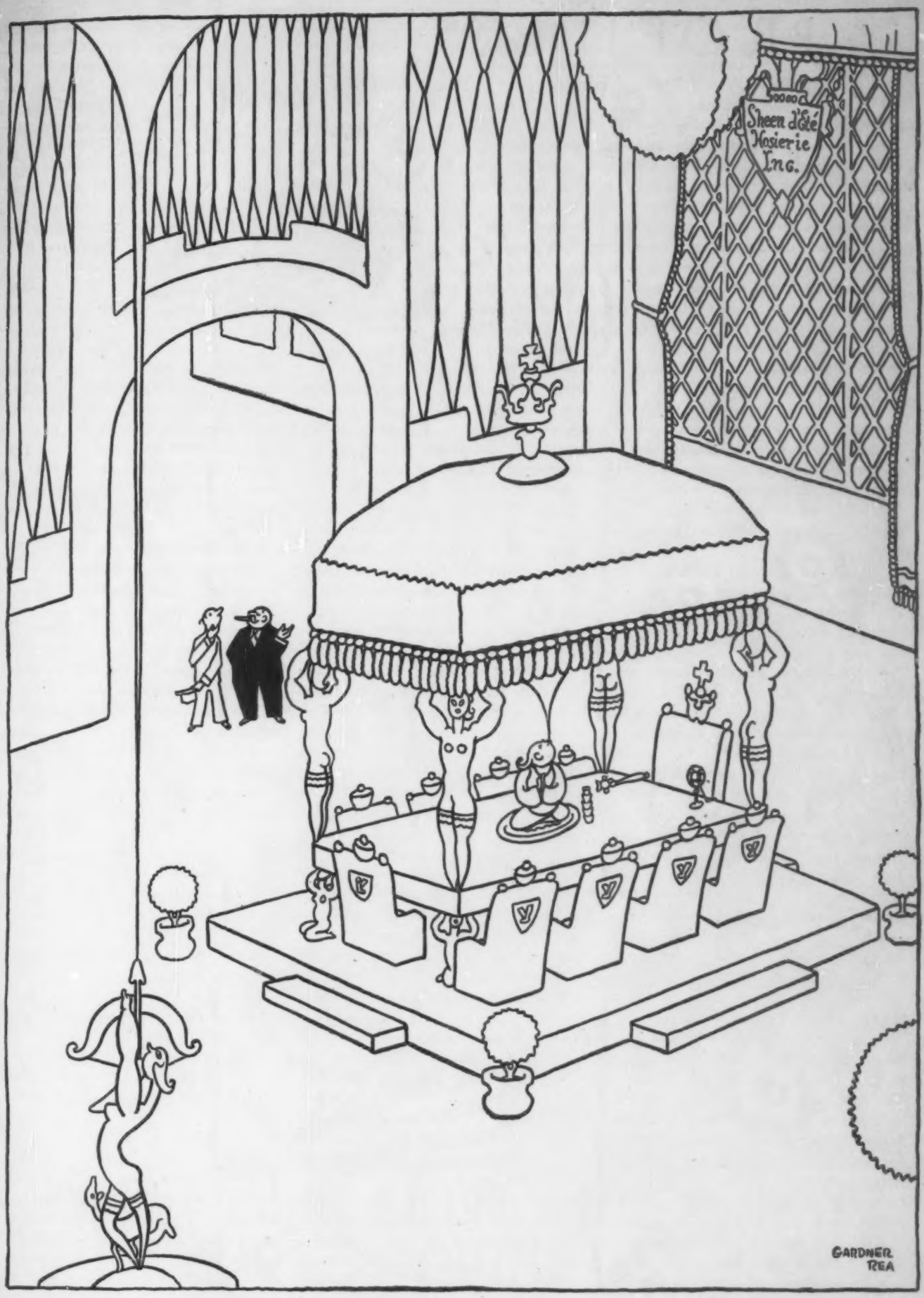
HYMN TO THE SUN AND MYSELF

Well! Well!
The day's at the morn!
Dandy old day!
Dandy old morn!
Oh! Look!
The hillside's dew-pearled!
Nicely old hillside!
Nicely dew-pearled!

And oh! Look!
The snail's on the thorn!
Lucky old snail!
Lucky old thorn!
Well! Well!
All's right with the world!
Hurrah for the right!
Hurrah for the world!

For oh! what a day it is today, my lads!
Oh! my lads, what a day it is today!
At 11:07 A.M. I'll be 27¾ years old,
An age dear to me because it was once passed through by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
Oh what fun to be young and healthy and alive
And privileged to do some of the work of the world from nine to five!
Oh let me be truly thankful for every one of those 27¾ years;
For not having been run over by the Lexington Avenue Express or gored by runaway steers;
For not having been able to afford a passage on the Titanic,
And for not having had any money to lose in the recent stock-market panic;
For never having written a best-seller, only to be wounded by the critics;
For never having gotten impeached for making millions in dirty politics;
For never having made any enemies by getting ahead too speedily;
For not finding the world at my feet while still as young as Lindbergh or Gertrude Ederle;
For not having tried to impress my girl but being naturaler with her and naturaler,
So that now, instead of having to marry and all that, I can be a jolly jilted baturaler;
Above all let me be thankful for something rarer than gold—
Viz: that at 11:07 A.M. I'll be 27¾ years old.
Oh let my future be as lucky as my past!
Oh let every day for a long time not be my last!

—OGDEN NASH



"We call it 'The Board Room Different.'"

PROFILES

LADY CHESTERFIELD

Emily Post

ACCORDING to Emily Post in person, etiquette was an accident in her life. She swears that she felt no predestined calling to lay down the law about weddings and bread-and-butter notes. It was simply one of those things. Eight or nine years ago she needed money; not alarmingly, but still she could use it—the frame of mind, in short, in which a lady of quality is ready to endorse a mattress. At this pass a friend in the publishing business called up one day and said: "Have you heard from Funk & Wagnalls? Because I suggested you for a matter they have in mind." It turned out that the matter was a projected work on etiquette, an "encyclopedia of etiquette," which Mrs. Post was entreated to undertake. She finally consented, with many misgivings.

The misgivings were not hers alone. Even the publishers were nervous, for etiquette books at that time were under a cloud. One firm had been flooding the country with the famous series of "everybody tittered" advertisements—"Everybody tittered when I took an olive with my fork"—as a result of which everybody tittered at the mention of an etiquette book. It did seem time to have a treatise on the art of decorum reasonably written by someone who knew something about it. Still, you couldn't be sure, and no one was more agreeably surprised than Mrs. Post when she turned out to be the American Chesterfield. Her "Etiquette" has sold close to a hundred and ninety thousand copies, and—you can't laugh this off—it is still going strong in centres like Cambridge and New Haven.

The accepted thing to say of Mrs. Post is that she is "qualified" by birth and position to be an authority on social usage. She is reputed, indeed, to be the first author on etiquette in this generation who is reasonably accustomed to dining in the presence of six footmen. Nobody is going to argue about her qualifications, except to say that they are greater than her most abject disciples suspect. One of them is a fund of shrewd, plebeian common sense. She worked like a Trojan on her six-hundred-and-eighty-page magnum opus, going over and over the proofs to make sure that nothing slipped in which could possibly appeal to a malicious sense of humor. Nothing did, or practically nothing.

For several years she has conducted a question-and-answer page in *McCall's Magazine*, whose two million readers belong to the flower of American womanhood, but not to the *Social Register*. There is a famous saying about well-bred people making adjustments easily—or is it educated people? Anyway, Mrs. Post demonstrated her right to belong to the sacred fellowship by making adjustments which were nothing less than heroic. In the deluge of queries which reached her—ten thousand all told—she was always finding something like: "Dear Mrs. Post: Shall I sign my letters Mrs. John A. Smith or simply Mrs. Carrie Smith?"

Mrs. Post controlled her shudders and wrote a firm but friendly reply. She can always control her shudders when the situation demands it. She is a clever and capable woman, second to nobody in her ability to bow to a fact, and in this great country of ours democracy and a two-million circulation are facts. It is also a fact that an author depends on the public.

There were several recurring puzzlers in her *McCall's* correspondence. One was: "How can I serve a formal dinner for eight, without a maid?" Another was: "Is it obligatory for the person winning first prize at bridge to give her prize to the guest of honor, especially if the guest of honor has received a special guest prize?"

In all her experience Mrs. Post had never encountered anything like this. She engaged in researches, and when her "Etiquette" was revised she included the results in a special section, under the diplomatic heading: "American Neighborhood Customs."

MRS. POST lets it be known without hesitation that she is fifty-six years old. A good-looking woman now, she is said to have been quite perfect a few years ago, with light brown hair, blue eyes, and a dazzling complexion. Although she was born in Baltimore, she is not one of your honey-dripping Southern women. She was brought up in New York, where she acquired the mild bluster of the New York matron of importance.

When admirers babble about her "qualifications" they refer to something quite specific. They mean that she belongs to the hard, precise core which once comprised all of New York society, before society started oozing like a jellyfish in all directions, and oozing into some pretty funny places, too. Mrs. Post herself is as clear-cut socially as a diamond. Her former husband, Edwin M. Post, from whom she was long ago divorced, was a member of one of New York's pre-Vanderbilt families. One of her sons is married to a granddaughter of George F. Baker. Her father was Bruce Price of Baltimore, who became one of the fashionable architects of the nineties, designing Tuxedo Park and one or two of the first tall buildings downtown. He is said to have been a most exquisite gentleman, worshipped by his daughter, and there is a pleasant story about him. It seems he was travelling through Canada in the company of a visiting duke. Every time the train stopped at a station the assembled school-children, after sizing up the party, would try to thrust their posies into the hands of the embarrassed Mr. Price. The latter's distress, indeed, finally mounted to such a pitch that the personage exclaimed:

"My dear Price, you mustn't mind; it isn't your fault if the Lord made you in the perfect image of a duke!"

Mrs. Post brought up two extraordinarily handsome sons, and suffered a tragic loss in the death of one of them a few years ago. He was an architect, like her father.

LONG before etiquette claimed her she was a prolific and salable novelist, one of a group of headstrong matrons whose daring was buzzed about in Best Society. The other *littérateurs* were Edith Wharton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer-Cruger, who called herself Julian

Gordon. In 1903, suffering a wave of financial depression, she had cast about for something to do, and had been advised to try writing. "The Flight of a Moth," "Purple and Fine Linen," and "Woven in the Tapestry" were serialized in *Everybody's* and *Ainslee's*. They touched on Continental morals and things like that, and were considered very spicy in 1910.

She also wrote some anonymous confession stories. One, "The Confessions of an American Princess," was such a hit that she expanded it into a novel called "The Title Market," and won a prize contest with it. She had a nice sense of characterization, and it came in very prettily in the etiquette tome, where Mrs. Worldly, Mrs. Toplofty, Mrs. Oldname, and Mr. Kindheart brighten the pages of information about how to ask people to dinner.

There is no mystery about Mrs. Post's success. She does not waste time expatiating upon the number of inches one's chair should be placed from the table. That question bores her almost as much as the difference between a fish fork and an entrée fork. She comes straight to the point and tells you and me what we want to know: namely, how to manage darling daughter's wedding when Mamma and Papa are divorced and have both married again. When she takes up the delicate technique of making headway in a new community, she repeats, of course, the formulas for calls. But she also drops the hint that if you go walking with a pretty child or a big dog you can't keep out of conversation with the whole neighborhood. Her book is a miracle of authority and completeness, and a sound guide to worldly wisdom besides.

She has slipped up only once, and that was when she waded into the deep waters of Washington diplomacy. You remember the affair of the Vice-President's half-sister, Mrs. Gann? That was the merest detail in the perennial tangle of official precedence. The question of who goes into dinner ahead of whom has split many of the best heads in the State Department. Mrs. Post wrote a chapter settling the whole business according to the rule of reason, sent eight copies to diplomats of her acquaintance and four to the harried State Department lads. Officially the latter declined to comment; unofficially word came back, with overtones of gentle irony, or was it a weary sigh?

"If Mrs. Post will settle the precedence question, the State Department will be most grateful."

One of the annual blisters afflicting Washington society is the Chief Justice-Ambassador controversy. So portentous is the question of which of these

A MENACE TO LIFE AND LIMB ON THE HIGHWAYS

The SCORCHERS

Eng By JOHN HELD JR - Who is the toast of the town

dignitaries outranks which that in practice they simply don't meet at the same dinner table. Light-heartedly, Mrs. Post decided it all in favor of the ambassador. Her decision was strictly according to reason, but sad experience has shown that a Chief Justice is not amenable to reason. She also proposed that a cardinal precede an ambassador, because the spiritual outranks the temporal, but alas for the hostess who tries to take her advice!

Mrs. Post is a bit of an idealist. She still maintains, for instance—at least in print—that a gentleman "affected by alcohol" doesn't appear in the presence of ladies. The problem of a lady affected by alcohol she neglects to take up. This brings us to one of the big questions of policy confronting an etiquette expert. What attitude to take toward a changing world, changing, usually, for the worse? Here Mrs. Post proves once again that she knows what she is about; she is the last word in smartness when it comes to trifles, and she sticks pretty closely in the lee of her ancestors when it is anything that counts. Feminism gets no breaks from her. Take the outlandish practice of young women living unchaperoned in an apartment; it is all very well for a hard-working daughter of the people, who "lives as she must." But if the truant is a frivolous child of the rich who is merely unable to stand the family any longer, then Society "considers her situation dangerous." Until three years ago many readers of "*Etiquette*" were surprised to learn that "Absolutely no lady (unless middle-aged, and even then she would be defying convention) can go to dinner or supper in a restaurant alone with a gentleman."

This statement has vanished in the revised edition, whose readers, nevertheless, receive a timely warning:

"Pardon me. Can you tell me what we're standing in this line for?"

"A lady having her portrait painted always takes a woman friend, or her maid, who sits in the studio, or at least within sight and hearing."

Don't carry off the wrong impression. Mrs. Post is in tune with the times in everything except fundamentals, and what have fundamentals to do with etiquette? She notes that girls today are free to go about with boys as much as they please, "even to go after them to a reasonable degree." She heartily endorses one-piece bathing suits. Not long ago she wrote a sketch called "How to Behave—Though a Débutante," purporting to set forth the opinions of a young modern. When the publisher went ahead and put it out under her name she was disappointed, as she had hoped to perpetrate a harmless literary hoax, and could have done it very nicely.

"I want you to know, Mrs. Creighton, that Gertrude and I appreciate your splendid hospitality."

•

IN a way she is a link between two worlds. With one hand she reaches back to the redoubtable Mrs. William Astor and Ward McAllister; with the other hand she touches—just how can one describe it? Having exquisite adaptability, she recognizes the trend toward cigarettes on the dinner table and parties of "amusing people," but does not go in for these innovations herself. Neither does she smoke, although she did sign the usual cigarette endorsement. Her talents and energies have led her to the edge of that extraordinary modern world which is half-social, half-professional. You know. Gilded Bohemians. Actresses, celebrities, famous wits at so much a line, and the more untrammelled Social Registerites. Mrs. Post nods brightly across the fence to this world, keeps on the best of terms with it, but as for herself, she prefers to be with her small grandson, or to sit at home and sew, with a companion who is as well-born as she is. Incidentally she has a flair for sewing, and often makes her clothes.

She has never tasted a cocktail, because it doesn't attract her. She kept on serving wine after prohibition—"When I had any," she explains—but has discontinued it for fear of being embarrassed in her wet speech-making. She is a pillar of Mrs. Sabin's organization of women for prohibition reform, and is going on a stumping tour in the fall. When not busy sponsoring silverware patterns or judging letter-writing contests, she studies furiously at law-enforcement statistics.

Lately she has published an agreeable guide to the mysteries of paper and paint, calling it "The Personality of a House." This book is close to her heart. Discounting etiquette with a laugh, she feels that her strongest calling is toward the decorative arts. It is true that as a child she used to go climbing about with her father on dizzy terrors of scaffolding, and that she gained thereby a fellow-feeling for architects which has never deserted her. It is true that she has a passion for pinning and draping and gluing; that she has done rather a lot of professional decorating in a quiet way, to say nothing of things undertaken for her own amusement. One of her recent dissipations was the transforming of a discouraged old house in Edgartown, Massachusetts, into a sunlit summer home.

ALL of which contributes just so much more to her amazing fitness as a guide to the amenities of living. She is all of a piece; there never was such a woman for arrangements. While answering questions on *McCall's* she went to work on the dinner-without-a-maid problem. She evolved a masterly scheme—which she tried out on the family—calling for chafing dishes, a hot box, a tea-wagon. It was novel, but it fulfilled the basic requirement of a civilized meal, which is to keep the hostess from jumping up every two minutes and running into the kitchen. Details never unhorse her. She discovered some years ago that satisfactory apartments were not to be had. The windows were always in the wrong place, or something. She calmly assembled a few friends, and they built their own coöperative apartment house at 39 East Seventy-ninth Street, her present home, with the windows where they should be. The perfection of detail which glitters like a distant and unattainable dream before the awed vision of her readers is no more than Mrs. Post herself quite easily achieves. Did someone say she was "qualified" as an expert on manners and taste? Qualified! She is a woman of destiny.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

•

"VENGEANCE IS MINE—"

"For her many blunders," saith the Lord,
"Sweep the earth from underneath her feet.
Teach her by the bludgeon and the sword,
Destroy her with the evils she held sweet.

Put despair in her resourceful brain,
Make her strivings all of little worth.
Bitter error must bring bitter pain,
Else should error soon consume the earth."

—HELENE MULLINS

SUMMER EVENING

IT was a lovely evening and Miss Barrett had nothing to do. All during dinner at the Vagabond Tea Shoppe, she had turned over various possibilities but none of them had seemed worth trying.

The idea of telephoning Ethel had come to her while she ate her veal loaf *espagnol*. Ethel often came down to spend the night, Miss Barrett made up the couch for her, and they had quite nice times. They wore their best kimonos, which they usually saved for weekends, and cold-creamed and manicured and gossiped. And yet tonight Miss Barrett just didn't seem to feel much like Ethel.

Of course the Sayerses might telephone and want a fourth at bridge but it wasn't at all the night to sit under a bridge lamp, and the buses were too crowded to get a seat on top. So by the time she had eaten her sliced pineapple with marshmallow sauce, she had about decided to take a book from Womrath's and read in bed all evening.

The street in which Miss Barrett lived had quite a few trees, and tonight the pavements had been watered. Everybody was just starting out somewhere and the children hadn't gone to bed yet. If you shut your eyes, you could easily imagine you weren't in New York at all, and that people were sitting out on their front porches smoking and talking in the dark.

She took three turns around the block before she could make up her mind to go in. And even then she didn't take off her dress right away. It was a pretty dress, printed chiffon—she had looked everywhere to get one with long sleeves.

WHILE she was watering her ivy, the telephone rang. Miss Barrett thought it might be the Sayerses, but a man's voice said: "Hello. Is this you?"

"Yes, it is," Miss Barrett answered.

"Well, guess who this is?"

"I couldn't," she said. "Who is it?"

"Somebody you haven't seen for two years. Two years this month, too."

"Tell me," she begged.

"Well, it's Dutch, you big clown. What's the matter with the old bean?"

"Oh, Dutch," Miss Barrett said.

"Well, here I am in town, and how! And I have a big shaker of ice-cold cocktails that'll help prove it. Say, listen, Betty, no foolin', I've been planning this for months. I've been crazy to see you. You know I've been sorry I made such a fool of myself. I swear I didn't mean it. Will you let me see you tonight?"

"What would we do?" Miss Barrett asked.

"Well, what say we wrap ourselves around three or four good drinks, and then—have you eaten?"

"No," lied Miss Barrett.

"Then we'll go some place cool, some roof, and eat our heads off."

"I'd like something cold," Miss Barrett suggested.

"O.K. Madrilene and cold chicken. That sound good?"

"Yes. And then what?"

"We could ride around a bit if you wanted and then go some place and dance. I know a swell place above Riverside Drive about One Hundred and Eightieth Street where it's just like the country. We could sit there and smoke and talk. I tell you, I'll bring a couple of good gin rickeys in a thermos and we can have them there instead of in some hot dump."

"That sounds wonderful," Miss Barrett said. "Would you want to go home after that?"

"No, stupid. I said we'd go and dance. Ben Riley's or wherever you'd like. I'm going to try to make you forget how sore you were at me. Do you think I could if I got the orchestra to play 'Lover Come Back to Me'? Oh-oh. I guess I'd better save that until after those cocktails."

There was a silence.

"Well, get into your duds, old sock, and I'll be right around."

"Oh, Dutch," said Miss Barrett. "This isn't Betty."

"Isn't Betty? What are you trying to do, kid me?"

"No," Miss Barrett said. "But it just isn't Betty."

"Isn't this Watkins 0001?"

"No, it isn't."

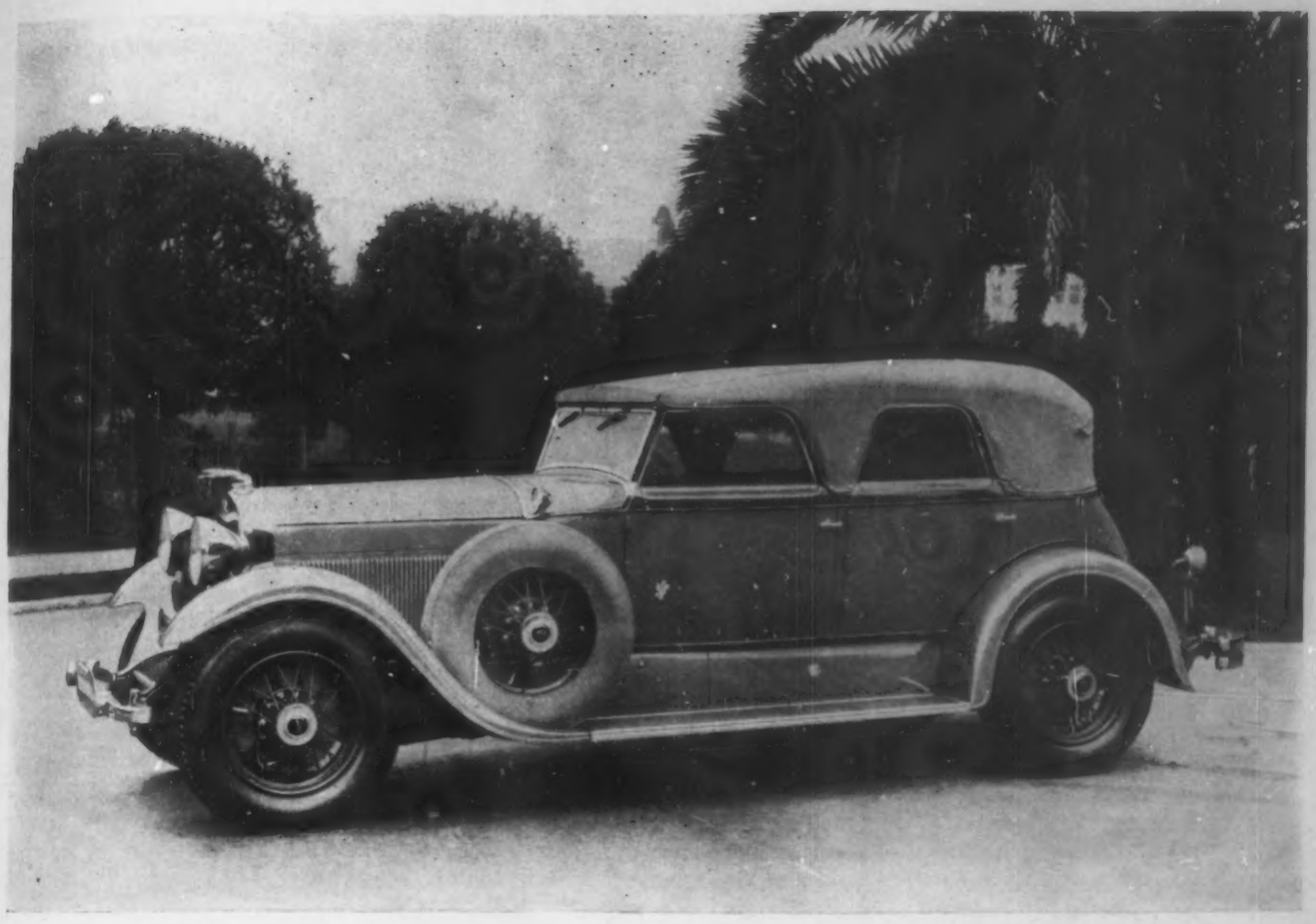
"Well, I'm a—" There was a very long silence this time.

"I certainly beg your pardon," Dutch said.

"That's quite all right," Miss Barrett answered. "I had a perfectly lovely time." —SALLY BENSON

"I've already told Lizzie we're enjoying perfect weather. Why don't you tell her we're having the time of our lives?"

THE LINCOLN



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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ANNOUNCEMENT

THOUGH this old desk is cluttered with unfinished business, I find myself turning rather to an idea for a book which any publisher can bring out this fall with a reasonable assurance that its like will be found in no other list.

Perhaps I ought not to be thus distracted from the accumulation in the reproachful mail-basket. Admittedly, I should be at work instead on a blanket reply to all those kindly readers who have pointed out that when the Bremen leaves her home port for New York, she does not sail *eastward* as your correspondent, in a moment of mental collapse, did casually imply. Then there is the matter of those Scotch jokes which I so whimsically smuggled past the customs inspectors. I must think up something to say to the fractious subscribers who insist that I might have brought them in openly as undutiable antiques.

Also there is that elegiac *Times* editorial on the late Conan Doyle, about which something really ought to be done. I refer to its stupefying explanation of the success which the Sherlock Holmes stories met in this country. It seems that this success was due, in part at least, to this Englishman's rare and flattering mastery of the American idiom as evidenced in the many cases where he had occasion to use it. Now if the weather did not discourage all needless effort, I would certainly dig up that adventure called "The Three Gables" and remind you of one of Sir Arthur's Americans, the huge Negro pugilist, who bounded into the dear old Baker Street flat, wearing, as I recall, a loud checked suit and a salmon-colored cravat. My memory of those details may be inaccurate, but I am never likely to forget the fellow's opening remark. That great observer of the American scene had his darkey begin by saying: "Which one of you genelmen is Masser Holmes?"

Then I suppose I should be acknowledging the pleasure I have found in reading a capital set of stories called "The Book Of Murder," by one Frederick Irving Anderson. And certainly I should be responding to an invitation of the *Rotarian*, a monthly which, although it boasts among its contributors such members of the literati as Ellis Parker Butler, William Lyon Phelps, and Edward A. Filene, still inexplicably finds its greatest editorial problem is the securing of "enough articles that grip." It seems the *Rotarian* wants "well-reasoned controversial opinion on timely subjects such as business practices, uses of leisure time, convict treatment, social welfare, education, crime prevention, and the arts."

But before I can even begin to explore the uses of leisure time sufficiently to write a gripping article about them, I must make arrangements for the unique book for which the publishing world has unconsciously (the publishing world in a characteristic pose, by the way) been waiting.

WHETHER, like most books nowadays, this one will be a mystery story or a long-heralded life of Mrs. Eddy can be decided later. For its significance will derive less from what is in it than from what is not in it. All I know about it now—enough, I should think, to endear it to the fastidious—is that it will eschew the words "hectic," "anent," and "meticulous." Think of it—an entire book without a single recourse to "hectic," "anent," or "meticulous."

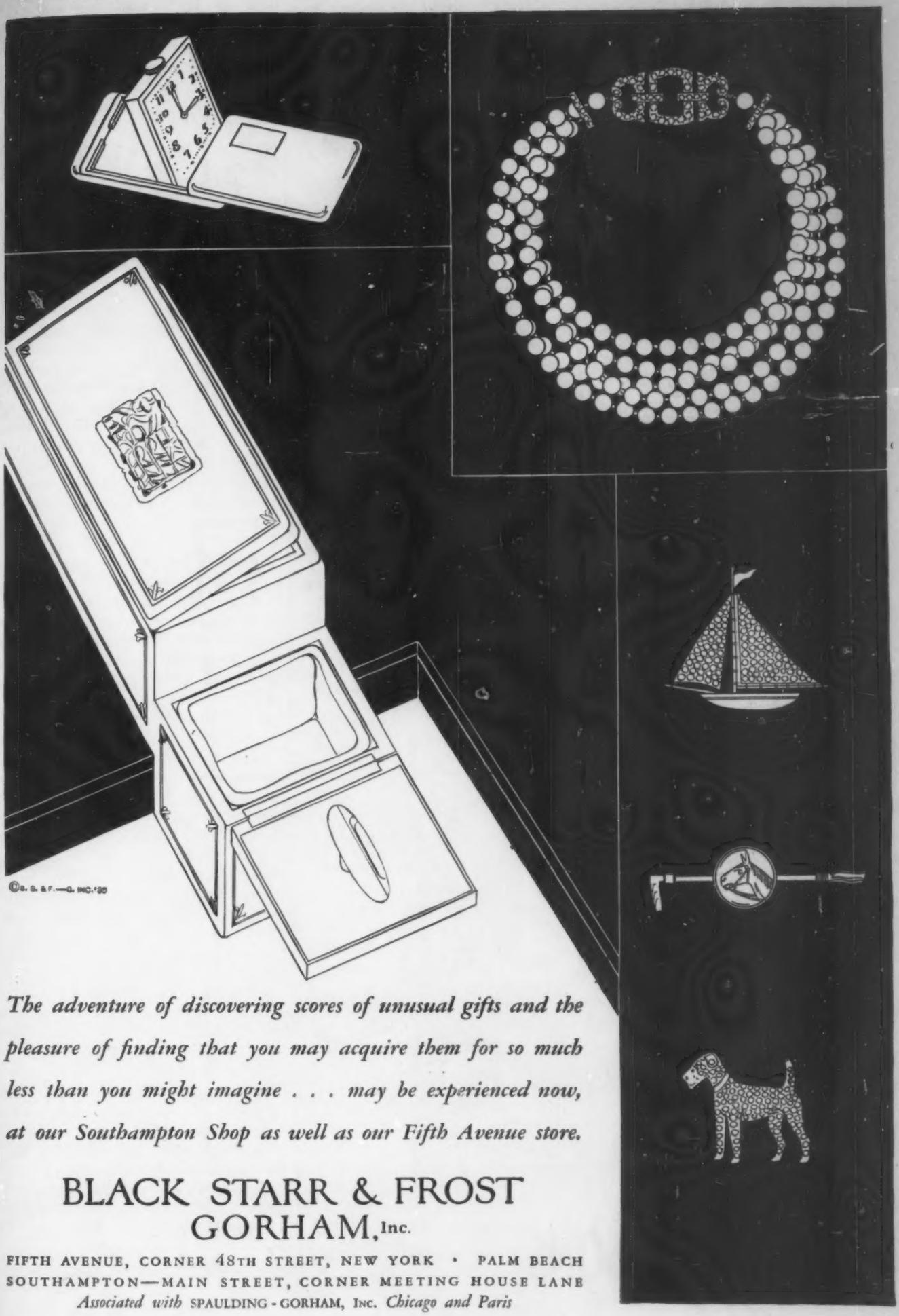
Once upon a time, when pondering the improbability that any work of my pen would live after me, I consoled myself with thinking I might go down to fame for the things I *hadn't* written. For instance, I had repelled the dread columns of German infantry with at least as many columns of undaunted type and never once used that catch phrase "the supreme sacrifice." And I never sought to give a literary judgment an air of sagacity by sticking in the weasel word "perhaps." Indeed, at the time, I jotted down a whole list of the hates in my thesaurus; a list that ranged all the way from so nicked and shopworn a word as "personality" to so repellent a pet name as "kiddies." And now abideth these three—"hectic," "anent," and "meticulous." And the most loathsome of these is "meticulous."

One's aversion to this noxious trio has a different basis in each case. Someone —was it Wordsworth?—has said that writers can be divided into two classes, good writers and those who use the word "anent." But that dictum will not hold water. For Norman Douglas is a good writer if ever there was one, and yet the text of his beautiful novel, "South Wind," fairly bristles with "anents." Nevertheless, it is a fancy and pretentious substitute, never used in speech at all, and seldom in writing except by perpetual undergraduates.

The word "hectic," against the hectic misuse of which F. P. A. and all those who like to see our language kept an exact, flexible, and polished instrument have vainly battled these many years, flourishes each year more vilely. Such misuse is infectious and even so exquisite a pundit as Lytton Strachey twice employs "hectic" in his delightful "Elizabeth and Essex" under the impression that it means "feverish"—a popular misapprehension which the nearest dictionary would speedily correct. But it is probably already too late, just as it is certainly too late now to do anything about the phrase "our mutual friend," which, when Dickens chose it with a wink as the title for one of his novels, was a vulgarism as obvious and as absurd as "irregardless." But since most readers missed the point, the book sanctified it, and there the silly grotesque is, entrenched in the language.

THE case against "meticulous" is harder to state. I can say only that it recalls a superb phrase of the late Brander Matthews, who spoke of the "mincing steps of verbal parvenus." In recent years it has somehow lost caste by becoming the favorite polysyllable of every third-rate writer in the land. There are fashions in words and "meticulous," once all right in itself, has become as overplayed as "The Rosary." When I come upon it now, as I do half-a-dozen times a day, it sets these old teeth on edge and evokes at once a vision of the writer. I know instinctively that he carries a pocket-comb, says "Pardon my glove," pronounces "millionaire" and "cigarette" and "magazine" with the accent on the first syllable, uses Vermouth in mixing cocktails, and thinks Ruth Chatterton is the best American actress.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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THE TENNIS COURTS

Notes on the Davis Cup

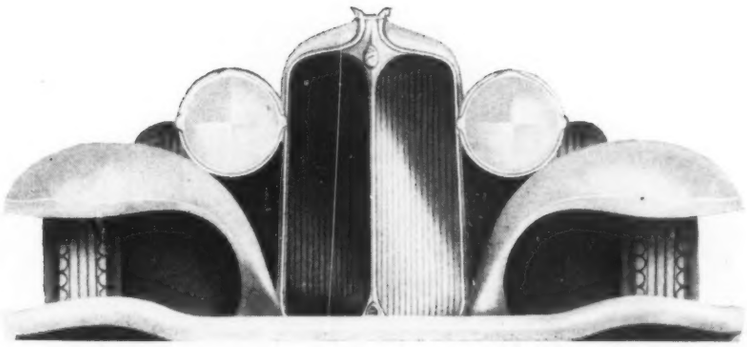
WHILE watching the American Davis Cup squad in action, in this country and abroad, it was my feeling that the younger members of the team, good as they were, showed little genius for the game. That they were fine players, first-class players, was evident enough; that they were great or ever likely to become great was much less evident. Cochet I consider a tennis genius, a really great player—also Tilden, Borotra, Richards; but the more one watched these younger men in victory and defeat, the more clearly one saw the difference between capability and true greatness.

ALL this was only an impression—and impressions are often misleading—but in the Davis Cup matches in Paris last month, an incident occurred to crystallize this impression, to bring into relief the vast gap between players like Tilden and those who are merely competent. It happened in the first contest on the first afternoon, between Tilden and Borotra.

Now Borotra has never beaten Tilden outdoors, and there was no reason to suppose that he would even after he won the first set. The American was playing badly, however; his backhand, once his most brilliant shot, was hitting the bottom of the net. The Basque was not in any wonderful form, but he did not need to play extraordinary tennis to keep ahead; and he was playing his rival in a novel manner—from the baseline. Borotra's game, of course, is based entirely on a volleying attack. That day he stayed back and traded drives, winning the first set and going to 5–2 in the second. One game needed for a 2-set lead!

It was a critical moment. With two sets gone, the chances were overwhelmingly against Tilden's capturing three straight sets; if he were defeated, the Davis Cup would be lost then and there. The tactical situation demanded action, and Tilden acted. He began to draw Borotra into the net with a series of the most perfectly executed drop-shots it has been my good fortune to see.

But Borotra likes to play at the



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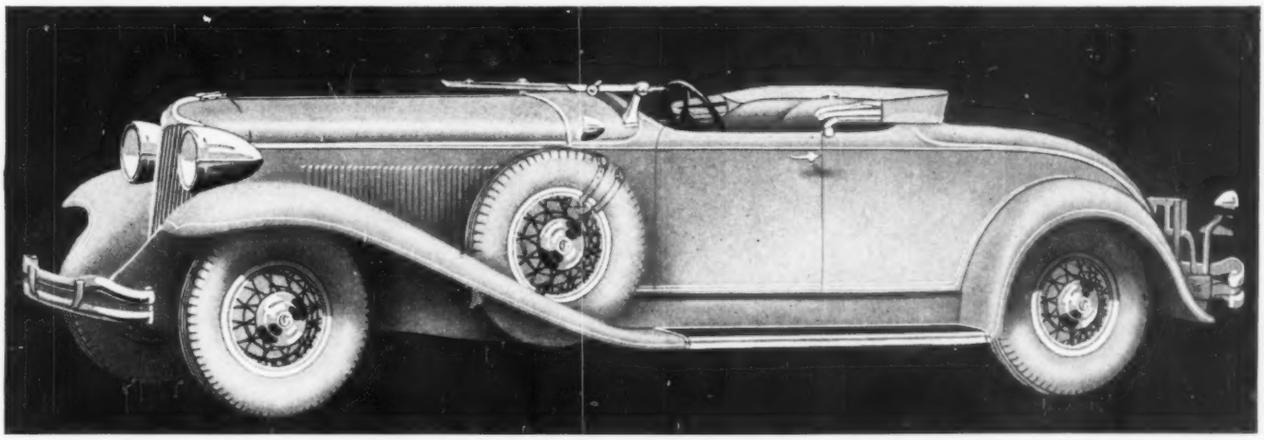

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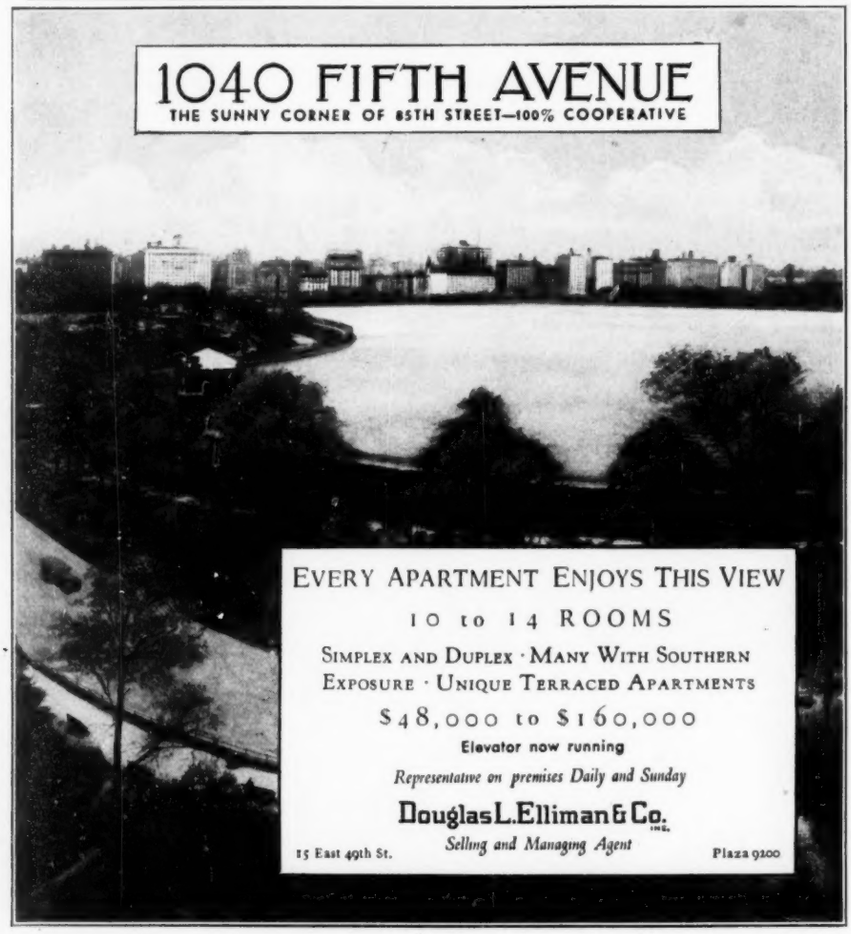

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net! Precisely. Remember, however, he likes to take the net when he wishes to, he prefers to choose his own moment to attack. He likes to come in behind one of those pointed forehand drives, or that stabbing backhand which shoots the ball deep to your corners or sends it straight down the centre close to your baseline. He most emphatically does not like to come in to the net when someone else calls the tune; and this day he especially disliked chasing those short, low-bounding balls of Tilden's that fell near the net. They gave him no opportunity for the forcing shot which leads the way for the complementary volley that usually becomes a winning *coup*. Nervous, he overhit several drop-shots. On one or two others he gave Tilden the chance to pass him, to lob him. He missed an important volley and lost a game, another game, still another game. Tilden had saved himself by one of the most masterly exhibitions of quick thinking I have ever seen upon a tennis court.

THE next day, Allison and Van Ryn went out against Cochet and Brugnon in the doubles. Everyone knows the way to play this team is to lob Brugnon, for Brugnon is notoriously weak overhead. That afternoon, however, Brugnon was the star. He dominated the play, his supple figure was always properly placed to bring off the most troublesome returns for his opponents, he made no mistakes and many winners. Overhead he was safe and secure, off the ground his drives were unplayable. Yet with two sets lost, the American pair continued their tactics, continued to pester Brugnon despite his very evident control of the court. Where Tilden had changed his game and won, these youngsters did nothing; they had no resource in the face of an unexpected situation.

What would Tilden have done? I don't know; but I suspect he would have found the solution to that problem. With Hunter by his side, I believe he would have worried and upset Brugnon by a sudden change in tactics, that somehow he would have found the path to victory. Tilden is a really great player; the others are good players, but as yet, at any rate, nothing more.

NOTWITHSTANDING Tilden's genius, and the lack of that genius among the other players of the squad, I was sorry to see him included in the team that made up our side in the challenge round. The purposes of such a team are twofold: to train and

develop young players, and to win the Cup. (I omit the turgid argument that such international matches cement international relations, because as a rule all the cement furnished could be put into one of those tiny liqueur glasses they serve you in the chalet at Roland Garros.) Neither of these two purposes was served by the inclusion of Tilden.

Quite obviously he took the place of a younger man. Gregory Mangin, for instance, could have obtained some valuable experience from meeting Cochet and Borotra in singles upon the centre court at Auteuil; experience which might have stood him in good stead next year. To win the Davis Cup back we must do as the French did—pick out young players with promise, throw them into action, let them take their lickings and gain experience at the same time. This they will never get while Tilden is playing; granting, as one should, that he is our best player and likely to be champion again.

THAT was the lesson of the Davis Cup matches of 1930. Will it be learned? Probably not. About January next we shall have the commencement of the usual comedy—perhaps you know the words:

"The year 1930 sees the end of my international tennis. I was both surprised and annoyed at the inclusion of my name in the Davis Cup squad for next year. In case of error let me repeat that I am not available for the Davis Cup team of the United States for 1931."

Yes, of course. Then comes spring, with the teasings and pleadings and the coy refusals, and all the rest of the performance. As a cynical Frenchman wrote in the Paris *Auto* just before the challenge round this season:

This little vaudeville which Tilden and the American Lawn Tennis Association play each year furnishes a comical atmosphere of good humor for the coming matches. The only reproach we can make is regarding the lack of imagination of those who stage the piece in always offering us the same scenario.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

•

GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Salt Lake City (Utah) Telegram*]

The other nine [stories in Mrs. Dorothy Parker's latest volume] are the sort of brief, clever, ironic stuff found in the pages of "The New Yorker" and "Vanity Fair"—material good enough in its way, but scarcely worthy of inclusion between board covers.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THREE BELLS AND A JINGLE

"YOU see a lot of people with something that's hurting them, and you bump into a lot of nuts, and an ungodly amount of dirt—you get millions of dollars' worth of experience that never will be worth a nickel to you, because the rich people you intend to have for patients don't chop each other with meat cleavers or have babies in the middle of the kitchen floor—and that's seeing life from the hind seat of an ambulance."

This was an interne talking: a boy out of some Maryland county whose march toward a career in the science of medicine had brought him to ambulance duty in a New York hospital—

"And don't use my name, because they would say I'm advertising myself, and that is unethical. I'm not allowed to say I'm a good doctor. Which is right, because maybe I'm not."

He was sprawled on a lumpy bed with a grayish counterpane, against which the brilliant starched whiteness of his uniform was a little dazzling. The uniform, too, made his face seem very pink and very young indeed, and the stethoscope was hung around his neck with a touch of swagger. There was no conviction in his suggestion that perhaps he was not a good doctor. He borrowed a cigarette.

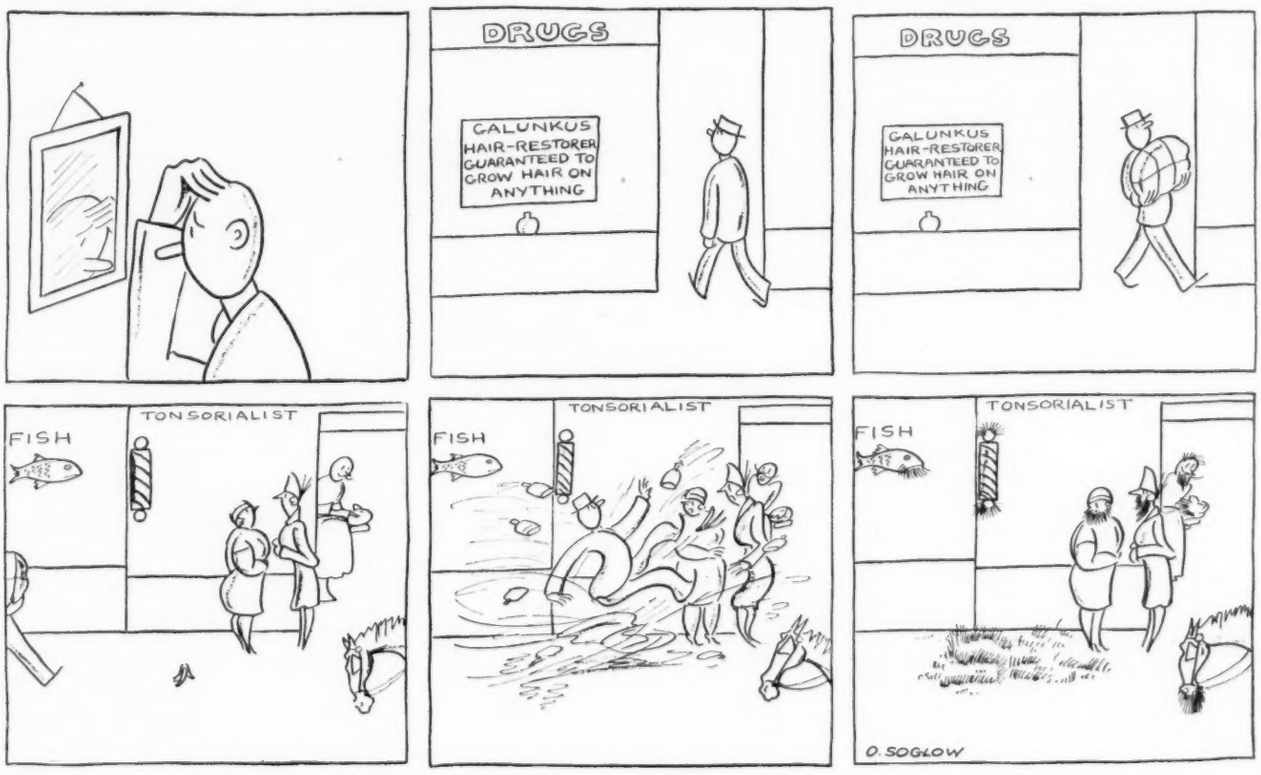
"You see the same things from an ambulance that make police reporters think they know all about life. You see gangsters—I was on the bus when they called somebody to pick up Frankie Uale when they shot him over in Brooklyn, and I'll tell you what that was like:

"There was a call from the precinct station, and we hopped over to a quiet side street. There was a big Lincoln car turned over against the curb—brand-new—and Frankie was lying on the sidewalk. He was dead all right. He had on the fanciest suit of clothes I ever saw, and his leather holster and cartridge belt were studded with diamonds, or something that looked like diamonds. Probably fake. The police and I figured out how he was killed, which was easy. He had been driving alone, obviously, and a crowd of men, in another car, had opened fire on him. He had been killed almost instantly and the car ran on until it overturned against the curb, throwing him out. I wrote a ticket—D.O.A., meaning dead on arrival—and took him over to the morgue, and that was my contact with gang life in the raw. I could make a good story of it if I wanted to use my imagination, but what I have told you is the real truth of it. I picked up a bird that the police said was a big gangster, and you can get excited over that if you want to. I couldn't.

"MOST of the variety—most of the laughs and the occasional feeling that you'd like to cry—comes from the childbirth cases. People can figure out the most cockeyed ways to have babies. Of course, they're poor. You figure that in, and it gets pathetic. But it all goes to make life pretty tough for an interne on an ambulance.

"Down here in the East Side, where I'm working now, the percentage of births is high and the percentage of people who can afford to have children is virtually minus. So when the new offspring comes along, it is a sort of domestic catastrophe that seems to surprise everybody almost to death and leaves them unable to cope with anything at all. Among the most ignorant—or probably the smartest, after all—the solution is simple. The prospective mother works up to the last minute, yells good God she's about to die, and runs out and pulls the fire alarm.

"It sounds foolish, but it works. There is nothing in New York that gets action like pulling the fire alarm, and these people know it. Pretty soon the bells are clanging, and the chief



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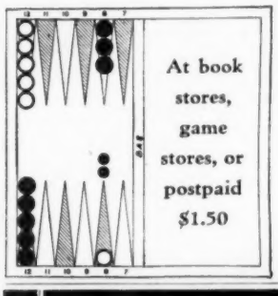

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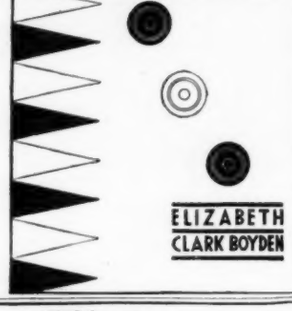

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rolls up with his engine and his hook-and-ladder. They lead him up to Mrs. Cohen's room—the whole neighborhood quits work to help—and he gives us a ring. Sometimes we get there in time, and sometimes the chief has to do the job. Of course, the worst luck is to have the infant arrive in the ambulance on the way back to the hospital. When that happens, the interne on the call has to buy dinner for all the boys on the staff.

"You run into a lot of good cops in these maternity cases, and I guess it's because most of them are Irish. The cops, I mean. About a week ago I answered a call and they led me down into a dark cellar room. A kid about ten years old was crying and begging me to save his mother. She was on a bed behind a curtain at the end of the room, and over by another bed a big cop was playing pease porridge hot with a couple of kids about five or six. They were having a great time, and the cop winked to me to hurry up. Before the baby was born, he had the ten-year-old kid in on the game, too, and they finally got so interested in the cop they were not much excited when I gave them a look at their baby brother.

"If an ambulance interne would let himself go, he might get all worked up over some of the calls—for instance when Mamie, the stenographer in the family, gets sick with what she calls appendicitis, and they call the ambulance, and the doctor has to deliver Mamie's child. Sometimes even their mothers haven't suspected anything, and the family blows up pretty badly. You generally have to stay around a couple of hours and get the family all straightened out again so they don't want to kill anybody. If you keep talking about the pretty baby, and what a grand little fellow he is, it will generally take their minds off Mamie, at least for a while.

"YOU get plenty of nuts. And plenty of loafers who know that the best place in town to rest for a week or two, with three squares a day, is a city hospital. Some of these fellows can simulate symptoms so well that they keep us fooled for a month. And the nuts put some pretty problems up to you.

"I remember the old woman who wouldn't go with us when we promised her a nice ride, but promptly put on her hat and coat and came along when we said we were going to find the two scoundrels who hid in her piano and called her names. And there was

the pants-presser whom we had to haul out of the dumbwaiter where he was hiding from the corner grocer. He thought the grocer wanted to kill him because he had invented a new type of washing machine that would revolutionize the world.

"Most of these cases mean night calls. The family will put up with the nut as long as possible and then decide he will have to be taken away. But they are ashamed of what the neighbors will think, and so they generally wait until two or three o'clock in the morning to ring the hospital. And even then, sometimes, it is hard to pick out the nut from the people gathered around.

"One night a woman who was separated from her husband entered his apartment—with a key she had kept since the separation—to get some of her clothing that had been left behind. She thought her husband was on a night shift at his shop. He wasn't. And in the quarrel that followed a policeman was called in. He arrived to find each of them calling the other crazy, and so he rang for an ambulance. I talked about an hour, gave them each a glass of water with a little quinine to make it taste bitter, and finally sent her off to her brother's home after she had given the extra key back to her husband. A lot of good that experience will do me when I set up my office in Park Avenue.

"ABOUT a third of our calls are for drunks. You see, when a policeman picks up a drunk he is too wise to throw him into a jail cell. The next morning the drunk might show up dead, and that would be a police scandal. The simplest way out for the cop is to send all drunks to the hospital. In that way he avoids a formal arrest, which would tie him up in court as a witness the next morning. Sleeping is always a little hard around the hospital, because we generally have one or two cases of delirium tremens, and they like to scream. Nearly half the drunks we have to take care of are women.

"There is plenty of the gruesome. You wouldn't care about that. Suicides and murders and fights. We get used to them very quickly, and never make any effort at all to get behind the

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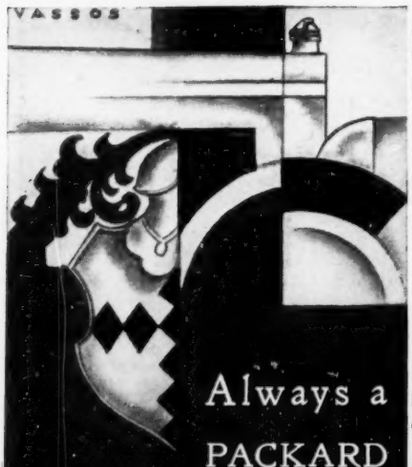

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causes. They are generally pretty tragic, and we can't afford to get worked up by the human elements in such things. It would only hamper us in our job, which has to be done coldly. The best doctor, maybe, is the fellow that hasn't the slightest personal interest in his patient, but a tremendous interest in the case as a problem in medicine.

"We don't learn much about the bedside manner on an ambulance. You've got to be a little tough or they'll run all over you.

"YOU ought to say something about the ambulance-drivers. They are simply paid hands, and they are underpaid for the work they do. We work for nothing, and we work hard, but after all it's a part of our education and a stepping-stone to success in the future. For the driver, there isn't any such incentive. Driving the car is a career to him, and he'll never be a doctor with ladies confiding intimate secrets. I've seen them haul people up and down five flights of stairs, and there is no extra pay for that. They're stretcher-bearer, assistant doctor (when you go out on your first call, the driver tells you what to do), and racing driver all in one, and they don't make enough money. You ought to do something about it."

HE borrowed another cigarette, but did not get to light it before an orderly came in.

"Call, Doc," said the orderly. "Explosion up the street."

He picked up his black bag, and started to go out. "Wait for me," he said. "I won't be long. And you can look at that picture of my girl while I'm gone. That's the way they look down in Maryland, boy."

On the chiffonier, against a broken mirror, was a cabinet photograph of a pretty, dark girl with innocent eyes who would squirm at the thought of two stitches in a cracked head. Down in the street the gong of the ambulance sounded urgently as it set out for the explosion. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

W. Gardiner Bunker, of this city, traces his line of ancestry back to the May Flower. The original Bunker Hill, where the battle was fought, but the plans of which were changed by General Israel Putnam to Breeds Hill, was owned by George T. Bunker, a direct ancestor of Mr. Bunker's father, I understand. —*The Saratogian.*

It's good you do.

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SAMARITAN

I USUALLY went past the tennis courts to get to Riverside Drive, but this time I made the mistake of going through 122nd Street. When I stopped on the corner I could see Grant's Tomb and the International House and the new Baptist church.

It was the first time I had ever seen all three together. I hurried across the street and started down the Drive. It was a little early in the morning for nursegirls and baby carriages, and the fleet wasn't in, so the park was fairly pleasant.

I had walked several blocks when I saw an old man coming toward me. He stopped and swung a scarred tan satchel on the stone wall, and as I came abreast of him he patted a blue bandanna to his forehead and grinned.

"Not as young as I used to be," he said.

"Hmm!" I smiled politely, and as I passed him I shook my head in a way that I hoped would indicate that I thought we were all of us getting on a bit.

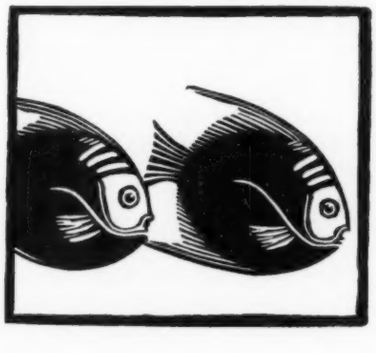
He sighed heavily. "I've walked a good ways," he said.

I faltered and stopped. "Hmm," I said. "Yes. Warm enough too, isn't it?"

He stuffed the bandanna into his coat pocket and leaned against the wall. "It's hot," he said, "but would you believe it, I miss my cup of coffee!"

HE didn't look like a beggar and I didn't know what to say next. I racked my brain for facts about coffee. "Yes, you always miss a cup of coffee," I said finally. He didn't say anything and I felt that I was expected to go on. I shook my head emphatically. "But even at that, it's certainly pretty hot for coffee."

He didn't seem to be paying much attention to me and I started to sidle away. He spoke suddenly. "It's funny," he said, looking very profound, "but hot or cold, I always have my cup of coffee with breakfast." He



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IN a less active generation, lovely nails and fingertips signified a woman with very little to do. Today, thank goodness, women are busy—at sports and at work. Hands are exposed to this and that. And Glazo, with its unique virtue of looking as well in evening as in day, helps the busy woman to guard her beauty and her time.

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Glazo liquid nail polish, in a few moments' time, brings to your nails a lovely delicate sheen that lasts a week or more. It never peels, and it never verges on artificiality.

And Glazo's smart colors never change their tone, regardless of varying lighting conditions. Other polishes, pleasing by daylight, take on a different and disappointing cast by candlelight or electricity. Glazo alone, because scientifically made so, remains unaffected.

With Glazo on your nails, your fingertips will always be lovely, will always be admired.

Be sure to see Glazo's Lipstick Reds—Flame, Geranium and Crimson—three new nail polishes that harmonize with the popular lipstick shades. With a "light" lipstick, use Glazo Flame. Use Geranium with a "medium." And with a "dark" lipstick, use Glazo Crimson.

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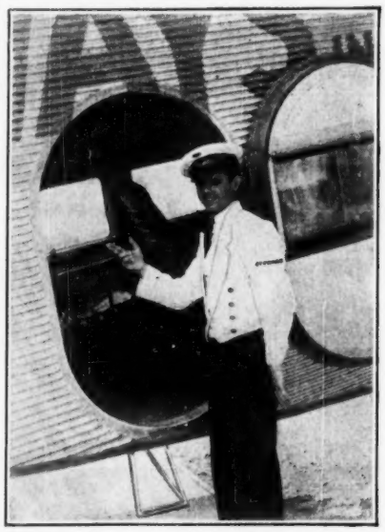

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grinned slyly, as if he were keeping something from me. "I miss it."

I pretended it was all very clear. "Yes, you certainly *do* miss it," I said.

He looked a little disappointed. "The reason I missed my cup of coffee," he said gently, "is because I didn't have any breakfast either."

I could see him watching me out of the corner of his eye. It was almost a relief to find that he was a beggar after all, and I reached my hand in my pocket. "I've only got a quarter in change," I said, "but you're welcome to it."

He smiled and looked out over the river. I felt suddenly ashamed and dropped the quarter back into my pocket. "Sorry," I said.

He turned and faced me. "How old would you say I was?"

I wrinkled my forehead and studied him very carefully. "O-oh," I said, "about—fifty? Fifty-two?"

He looked faintly annoyed. "I'm seventy-four," he said.

"Seventy-four! You'd certainly never think it," I said.

He shrugged. "Seventy-four last March, and I've walked from Thirty-fourth Street this morning."

"Well!" I said.

"Carrying this bag." He waited until I had made the appropriate inarticulate noises of surprise and pity, then he added casually: "And I've got to keep on until I get to Tarrytown."

"Tarrytown!"

"Oh, I'll get there in a couple of days."

"But you haven't had breakfast!" I said. I felt in my pocket for the quarter. "If you'll take this—" I stopped suddenly. "I mean—I haven't eaten yet, either, and I wish you'd have breakfast with me."

He looked at me and I felt myself blushing. "I'm not begging," he said quietly. He took the bag off the wall,

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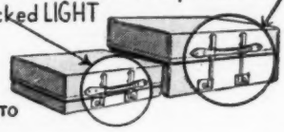

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made a grimace of pain, and swung it back. "Look at that hand," he said.

I looked at his hand. He held his palm cupped and the red calloused surface was packed into white ridges from the handle of the bag.

"Listen!" I said. "You can't walk to Tarrytown carrying that thing! Here." I went through my pockets and found two single dollar bills. "I wish you'd consider this a—a sort of loan."

He didn't reach for the money. I tried awkwardly to force it into his hand. "Please!" I said. "As a favor to me."

"Well"—his expression didn't change as he took the money—"if that's the way you feel about it, young man."

"Thank you," I said.

He slid the bag off the wall and nodded pleasantly. "That's all right," he said.

I WALKED down the Drive briskly and stopped for a drink at the fountain in 116th Street. I looked back. He had put his bag on a bench beside an old lady. She was talking to him and he was looking out over the river. He picked up his bag and set it down, and the old lady leaned forward as he held out his hand. He picked up his bag again as she was fumbling with her pocketbook.

I forced myself to bend over and take a drink of water. I drank much more than I wanted. When I looked up the old man was ambling up the Drive, the tan bag nudging his knees.

—T. H. WENNING

•

OUR INQUIRING READERS

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, SIRS:

Can you tell me just when a New York weekend begins and ends, since I am invited by a lady to be her guest at a fashionable Long Island place in August? Also would it be bad taste to take her a gift? I do not want to queer myself on my first visit. I am a bank clerk, and my hostess a person in the Social Register; our acquaintance began at the bank where I served her.

L. J——,
BOSTON, MASS.

L. J——: Your New York weekend has begun for you already. It will end any time you are able to drag yourself away on the Monday following the Sunday of the party, although there may be a few aftermaths. As for a gift, you might take her a little money from the bank.

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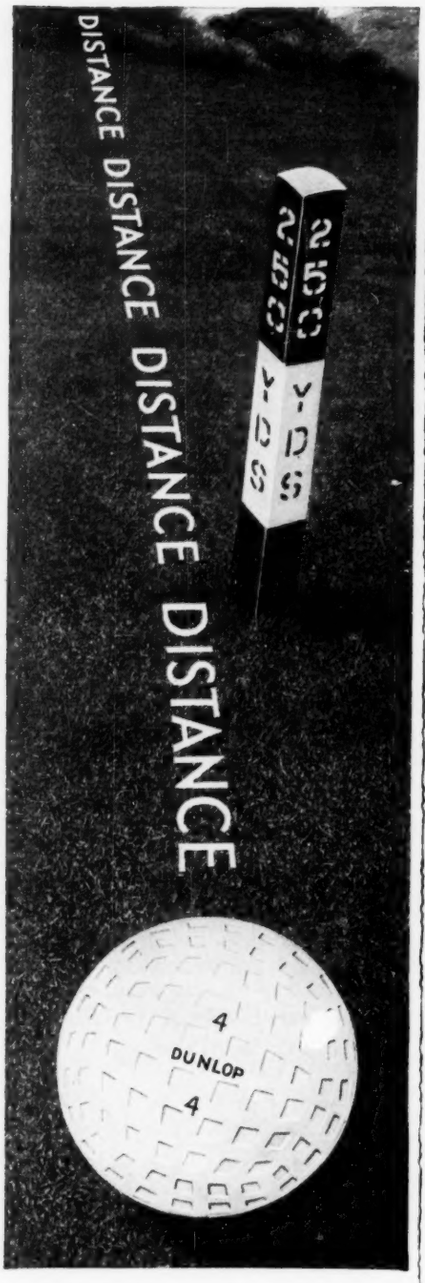

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MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

THE RACE TRACK

Three for Jamestown—The Handicapper Handicapped — Stall Gates at Saratoga

JAMESTOWN has beaten Equipoise in the Saratoga Special, and, for the moment, George Widener is the darling of the racing gods. Three stakes have fallen to the son of St. James in less than a fortnight, and who shall say he will not fulfill his trainer's prediction and his owner's hope and win two more—the Hopeful and the Futurity—in as gallant style? Nothing looked better than Jamestown in the paddock, and Jack Joyner was justly proud of the condition of the colt he has developed. "He's never met so good a field as this," he said, "but he's better than his sire was when I saddled him for this race seven years ago." Equipoise, it seemed to me, did not move so freely, though Freddy Hopkins, who trains him for Harry Whitney, radiated confidence.

Jamestown won the Special, as he has all of his races, from end to end. Although the barrier went up with Equipoise slightly behind the line, I do not believe the start hurt his chances appreciably, for he was in motion. Sande, who rode Ormsby, had said to me a day or so before, "If Equipoise and Ormsby get as close to Jamestown at the head of the stretch as Novelist did in the United States Hotel Stakes, they'll beat him home." Equipoise did nothing of the kind. He moved up under the whip, but Jamestown came away easily. As for Ormsby, he was a disappointment.

WHEN I was a little boy I was told that ladies alone held the prerogative of changing their minds. Such is hardly true or wise. It seems to me the prerogative should be extended to those who, in the endeavor to keep pace with the developments that must occur in connection with an important race, often have to revise or modify an opinion.

Whichone has come back not only none the worse for his mishap in training six weeks ago but in something like his last August form, and Harry Whitney and his friends fully expect to see him reverse the placing of the Belmont Stakes when he meets Gallant Fox in the Travers this weekend. Last week we saw him win the Saranac Handicap and two days later gallop off with the Whitney. Close inspection in the paddock was nearly as difficult before the Saranac as when the colt appeared at Belmont Park, but I noted his fore hooves were heavily bound with adhesive tape, evidences of the quarter-cracks that have healed recently, and that Workman was not put up until the last possible moment, to avoid unnecessary strain. In the race, Whichone was in some difficulty because of his sluggishness at the start, and he had a good taste of the whip and some hard riding before all was well. Then in the Whitney Stakes he made his opponents look like hacks. The spring water here, good for man and beast, has done wonders for Gallant Fox, too; so I shall rely on him to confirm the Belmont running. After all, it is still the case of a sound horse running against one that is not so sound.

"I WONDER if you ever gave a thought to the handicap the handicapper is under," Mr. Vosburgh said to me one afternoon last week; "Saratoga has made so much of two-year-old racing. Tracks in the Middle West specialize in handicaps and attract the best of the older horses—such as we have—with purses four times the value of our races. Two-year-old racing is popular here because the owners of large stables want to see their horses run and to show them to their friends."

It is hard to say which was the best two-year-old (excepting, of course,

Jamestown) seen out last week. Mr. Vosburgh thinks it was Mrs. Payne Whitney's Comic. "That fellow has the burst of speed which always marks a good horse," he said. I noticed that he rated him a pound higher for the Grab Bag Handicap than he did Gifford Cochran's Epithet, who ran the fastest five furlongs of the meeting. I'm told Epithet will make Jamestown step in the Hopeful.

"THIS must be my day out," remarked Tommy Murphy last Tuesday as he went to meet his third winner of the afternoon. Midway through the card, the Greentree Stable's Surf Board won the Saratoga Sales Stakes, in which the much-heralded Red Flare was down the course, then Goose Egg beat Marshall Field's Escutcheon, and Comic completed the hat trick, as they say at Newmarket. Surf Board won the Albany Handicap two days later, but Goose Egg finished behind Escutcheon in the Alabama.

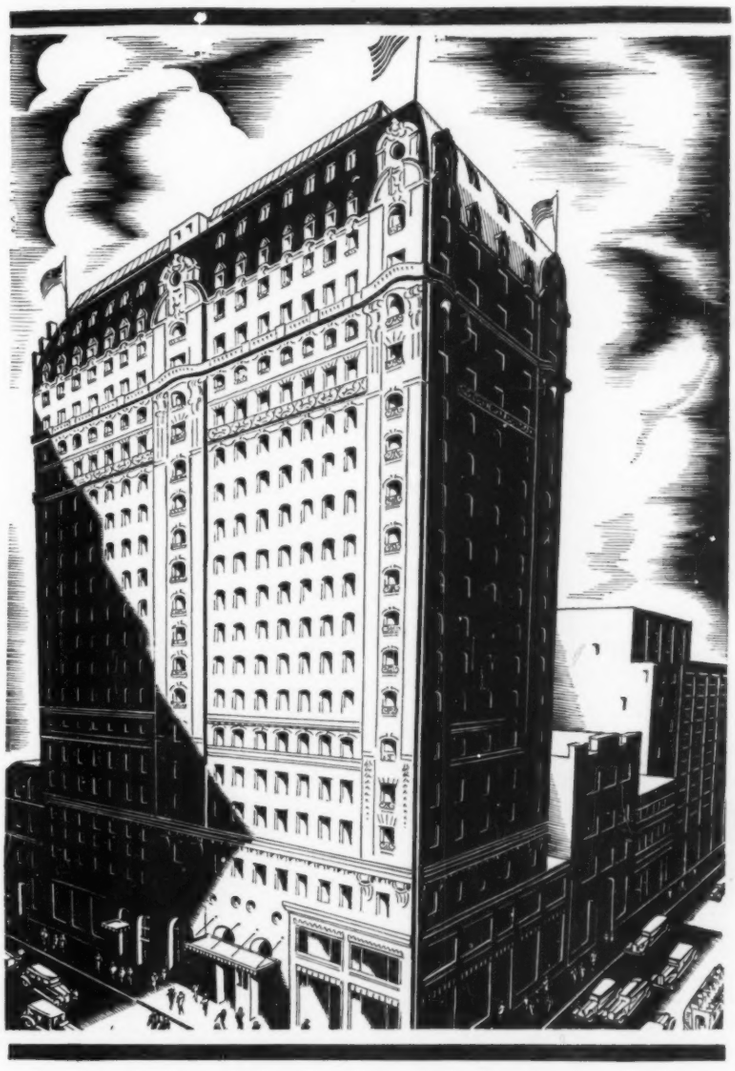
"AND so," said Colonel Tantivy Martingale, "I shall go out to the course this afternoon to see artificially-bred horses, ridden by robots, start from a mechanical starting device, and their order of finish judged by a photographic instrument. Bah!"

Well, the only fault I can find with the stall gates is that they aren't used more often. Last week the Saratoga Association graciously permitted George Cassidy, the starter, to set up permanent stall gates at the end of the start for the Wilson Mile. The stalls, wooden partitions, point horses the way they should go and prevent them from leaning against, stepping on, or kicking their fellows. Results of races over the Wilson Mile, particularly the starts, have been notably satisfactory and another set of stall gates will be set up at the end of the seven-furlongs chute. Horsemen see this as a gesture of acquiescence to popular demand.

THE MORNING LINE: A. H. Morris with his umbrella. . . . John Sanford buying horses again. . . . Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's roadster painted in her racing colors, black and salmon. . . . Several of the other fair owners of stables training their horses from Fords. . . . Mrs. Vincent Astor looking over the yearlings. . . . The Kentucky breeders warming up the buyers for the yearling sales.

If Gallant Fox doesn't win it looks like a hard winter. —AUDAX MINOR

CENTER OF
SMART NEW YORK'S DAY



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BOXING

Shuffling the Winners—
Patent-Leather Gloom—
Now Singer and Berg

WHEN Joe Humphreys called Berg out of his corner at the end of his fight with Kid Chocolate, the crowd at the Polo Grounds behaved in a curious fashion for people who had just seen the best fight that has been put on around here for a long time. The frenzied booing was not logical, for the decision was really all right; but, right or wrong, nobody liked it. It was as though by that halloo they wanted to make the black kid forget the shock that hit him when he pranced out of his corner expecting to have his hand lifted, and then saw Humphreys turn and point to Berg. Chocolate is not used to Humphreys or he would have known that the announcer always faces the loser as he shuffles the decision slips. Only by that trick can Humphreys, slowly removing the straw hat concealing the seven hairs plastered across his Roman forehead, execute the dramatic pirouette that accompanies his proclamation of a winner.

AS fights are scored in points, Berg won fairly enough by continual crowding and milling. As fights are scored in appreciation, Chocolate was way ahead. Twelve pounds out of his weight class, and hitting cleaner and harder than Berg, the Kid fought just as he wanted to. In the clinches he glued himself to that left hand of Berg's or, with his own elbows stretched from chin to stomach, caught the milling punches on his arms, ducking and swaying in a rhythm like jazz, and peering between his gloves with one white eyeball for the cue for an uppercut. Somehow Chocolate always feels his openings a fraction of a second before they occur. I don't know how the famous prewar featherweights looked in action but I find it hard to believe that any human being fought with his hands in better style than the Kid. I don't even think you can compare him with the old-timers; he is not like anybody but himself.

THE way the sportswriters took the decision was unusual. Ordinarily indifferent to ring arbitration,

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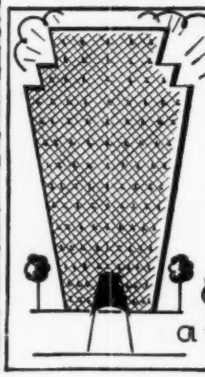

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they moaned as loudly in their stories as the fans did in the upper bleachers. As the only striking personality of the modern ring, Chocolate is their delight. None of them could bear to see him lose. In his dressing-room afterward, while his manager was complaining that Berg was overweight or something, he got dressed silently and rapidly. After the other hundred and sixty-eight fights, he had dressed to celebrate a win; this was a new experience. Laid out in front of him as he came from his shower was all the gay equipment proper to a night of swaggering in the Harlem summer. For once Chocolate did not seem to enjoy putting on his beret, or the form-fitting flashy suit, or the golden wristlet. He slicked his hair down and hurried out to his big car, mumbling something about Berg's thumbing his eye in the clinches.

IT is significant that the outdoor season had lacked a single decent attraction until the Garden had sense enough to match two boys of unequal weight in a pickup fight for no title at all. The importance of titles has been steadily lessened by the bungling and chicanery involved in every championship elimination tournament, and by the behavior of champions who, once having acquired a title, defend it against club competitors in towns of fifteen thousand souls or less. Chocolate, the slickest fellow in the business, has no title, although he might reasonably win three—feather, light, and welter. If Singer gets by Berg, he will undoubtedly avoid Chocolate as long as he can, but he won't hurt the Kid's feelings much. The Kid takes a unique attitude toward his business in that his ambition is less to win titles than to beat up opponents. He likes to fight so much that the day of a bout he is wildly elated, and his followers have trouble keeping him quiet.

—N. B., Jr.

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We wish to correct two errors in our items that occurred last week. We don't know whether it was due to us or not however we will take it upon us to make the correction and lets bear in mind that we are none free from mistakes and ask your pardon. The mistakes were, Miss Marguerite Short was only twenty years of age instead of 25 when she was given her surprise and the other was that Mrs. Wm. Geier consulted the dentist and had eight teeth extracted not 24.—*California (Mo.) Democrat.*

We *thought* you couldn't surprise a girl of 25 nowadays.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

SUMMER FOIBLES

PARIS, AUG. 11 LOOKS AS IF YOU MIGHT WEAR ANYTHING JUST SO IT REACHES BELOW THE KNEES. WINTER COLLECTIONS SHOW WINTER CLOTHES OF THE EVERY-WOMAN-FOR-HERSELF VARIETY. BEST BETS SO FAR ARE LELONG'S FIN DE JOURNÉE DRESSES, TALBOT'S JULIET GOWNS, LENIEF'S EVENING DRESSES OF THE WRAP-AROUND SCHOOL, AND BRUYÈRE'S WOOL DRESS-AND-JACKET COMBINATIONS. EVERYTHING BLACK IF IT ISN'T BROWN OR GREEN. CAPES AND BOLEROS, THE OLD DIEHARDS, STILL LISTED, THOUGH WEAK. MOLYNEUX SPRANG LAST WEEK'S BIG SURPRISE BY CHANGING HIS STYLE, AND DID IT VERY NICELY TOO. HE HAS DESERTED SWATHED HIPLINES FOR MODIFIED EMPIRE SKIRTS. SOME REALLY GOOD NEWS IN SCHIAPARELLI'S WHITE WASHABLE CHAMOIS BLOUSES, IN RÉGNY'S PLAID COAT LININGS, IN WORTH'S JEUNE-FILLE WHITE CHIFFONS. OTHERWISE WINTER FASHIONS HEADED FOR FANCY WAYS. PARIS COUTURIERS GOING TO PIECES OVER FURS, LAME, JEWELS, MARABOU, AND BOOP BOOP A DOOP. B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

SINCE the fad for clip-pins shows no signs of diminishing, Franklin Simon is showing some new ones to tempt you. There are some little dandies in marcasite for your handbag; either plain, combined with dark green stones, or bearing a tiny watch for you to turn back when you are late for an appointment. In the evening, you will be tempted to wear enormous pins of rhinestone and turquoise.

There is a nice daytime pump for autumn here, too. It has a suede back and a calf toe, with two gold strips going across under the tiny turned-down collar in the front. They will have it in autumnal reds, dark greens, blues, and so on, for fourteen dollars.

Then, endeavoring to find another item as far removed from the other two as possible, the next presentation was a game called Tric-Trac, direct from the bars of Paris, where fast-moving dice games always flourish.

BERTIE, which has its beauty salon at 695 Fifth Avenue, is not backward about new inventions at all, at all. There is a bath powder hanging around here just dying to be tossed into your tub. It is nicely perfumed, and it softens the water and leaves your skin so-o-o-o smooth! Also, people with deeply tanned skins that tend to be dry should take cognizance of a new bath oil that mixes alcohol and oil by a new process (all right, they swear that it can be done). The alcohol stimulates you; the oil caresses the dryness from your epidermis—what could be sweeter? And, for travellers, they have got up travelling cases for individual bottles. They contain a three or four weeks' supply of any of the various Bertie products, each in its own bottle.

While we are on the subject of Bertie, this is to remind you that the Eau Detersive, a minty astringent, actually makes the skin cool for at least an hour or so, which should be a boon on hot days to travellers, or even just people.

ALTHOUGH it is a bit late in the year for such nonsense, Margaret Brainard's new Sunburn Lotion is worth adding to your stock of preparations destined to give you an even tan in a very short time without the blistering process. The particular advantage of this is that it is a non-oily, vinegary liquid that is easily applied to the skin, disappears to leave only a slight dampness behind, and does not attract every single mite of sand on the beach.

WHEN people go out bargain-hunting for furs, they usually understand perfectly that they are gambling. There seems to be no way of telling beforehand whether your nice little hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar fur coat will collapse at once or be going to football games three years hence. Ask the wearers of low-priced lapins—no two of them will tell you the same story.

The preceding paragraph is by way of a temperate introduction to the fact that McCreery has inaugurated a hundred-dollar-fur-coat department, with novelty in design stressed to a festive point. There is one model here that no country-dweller should be without in winter—a big, bearish coat of natural Greenland seal (this is brown with silver-gray overtones). It comes in three-quarter or full length, and they say it wears and wears and wears and wears. Very swank. Among the other coats, there is one called The New Yorker, of lapin in suntan, nutria, or mauve shade, full or three-quarter length. This has a tweed lining, a knotted string belt, and a swagger air. Another lapin, along the lines of

"There, darling, I wanted something like <u>that</u> for the curtains."

An Impression
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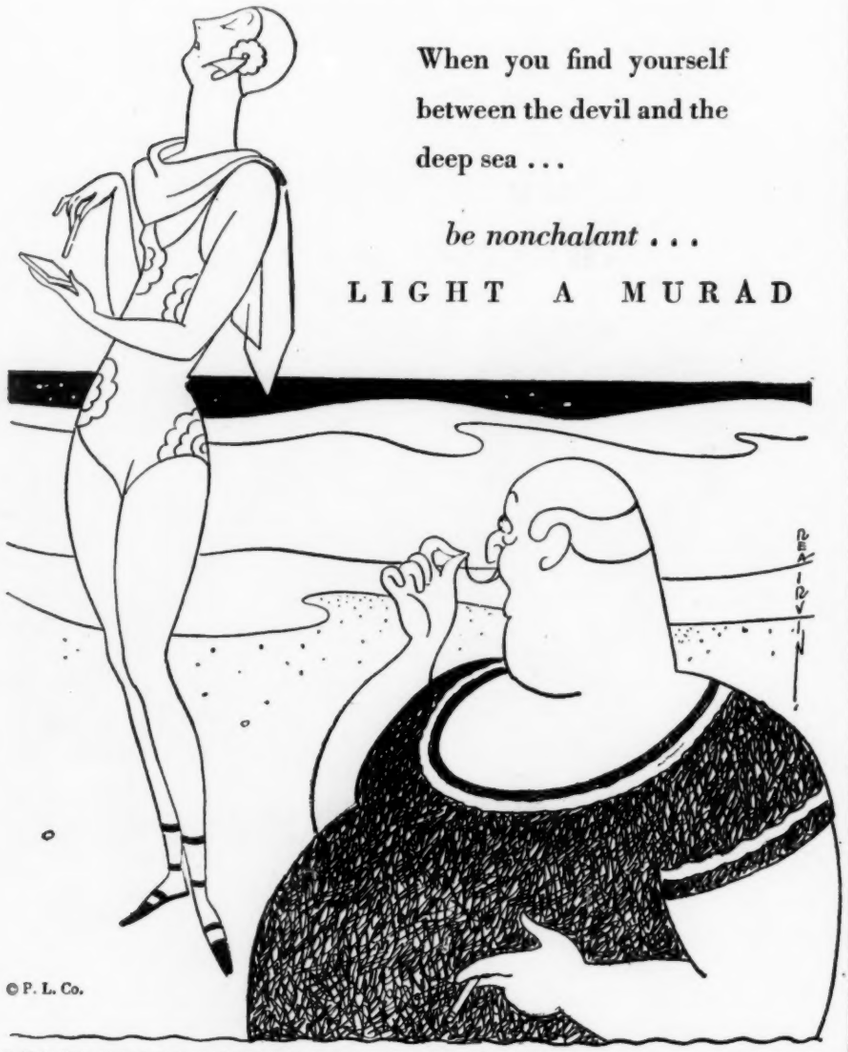

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Chanel, has a collar that stands up in back and ends in points in front on a level with the armpits. Sort of a ruff idea (so-o sorreh), and immensely flattering. This is fitted through a high waistline. (The model is grand in black Hudson seal at $295 and, in chipmunk, is extra effective by virtue of the stripes running horizontally around the waistline.) Also there is a collarless jacket of shaved lapin, going to the knees in back and ascending a bit in front. You wear this hanging straight, and it is very jaunty. A college girl's delight for afternoon and evening. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Pre-Tariff Shoes—For the Motor Tourist—Socks Without Garters

THE government, as you know, has put a twenty-per-centduty on imported shoes, but it is still possible to get some under the old rates. For instance, Pharaoh O'Connell, 122 West Forty-fifth Street, has a large stock brought over from Scotland before the new tariff went into effect. All these shoes will be sold at the original prices—all, that is, except those included in the current sale, which of course are being sold for even less.

You won't find svelte town shoes in this shop but you will find sturdy footwear that will stand a lot of hard knocks. The specialty here is golf shoes, of which there are two models. One, made of thick pliable leather, has a plain toe and a crêpe rubber sole. The other, a brogue, has a St. Andrew's sole of ordinary rubber grooved like the tread of a tire. It is said to improve a player's stance by giving him a firm grip on the ground at every side.

THIS shop has the pleasant quality of being eager to do all it can to help you. The other day a stranger came in with a pair of shoes that looked beyond repair. He insisted on having them fixed, explaining that they had been in his family for three generations, descending from father to son. He felt sentimental about them. So they were sent to the Liverpool Shoe Rebuilding Company, 138 West Thirty-fourth Street, where they were

relined and given new welts, new inner soles, outer soles, and heels. They came back looking not exactly new but much better than anyone would expect. The Liverpool Shoe Rebuilding Company, incidentally, does neat, thorough work, and the charge is only $3.50 for two full soles and new heels. It is a place to remember in this town of lightning shoe butchers.

YOU motorists who don't mind the hardships of camping out, but hate to make long trips buried under a pile of luggage, should know about the Kari-Keen trunk, sold by Amory-Adams, Broadway and Fifty-eighth Street. In spite of its name it's a wonderful invention. Closed, it resembles those motor trunks you see installed over rear bumpers, and like them it has room for a couple of good-sized suit-cases. The Kari-Keen, however, opens somewhat in the manner of a Gladstone bag: the back and part of the top are made in one piece that drops down to form a deep tray in which you can carry as much as four hundred pounds of duffle. The price is only $45, and this takes care of the installation.

The trunk is of metal, molded in a good simple shape, and there are no fancy gadgets to detract from the appearance of your car. The stock model comes in black, trimmed with two bands of chromium. If you want to pay extra you can have it lacquered to match the finish of your automobile.

BRILL BROTHERS have a great deal to say these days about those new Holeproof socks that stay up without the aid of garters. They are somewhat longer than ordinary hose, coming well above the calf, and have elastics concealed at their tops. The elastics, it is claimed, will survive the laundry and keep their resiliency until the hose are worn out. In plain colors and in stripes, in pure silk and in silk-and-rayon mixtures; $1. —G. McC.

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[*From an adv. in Liberty*]

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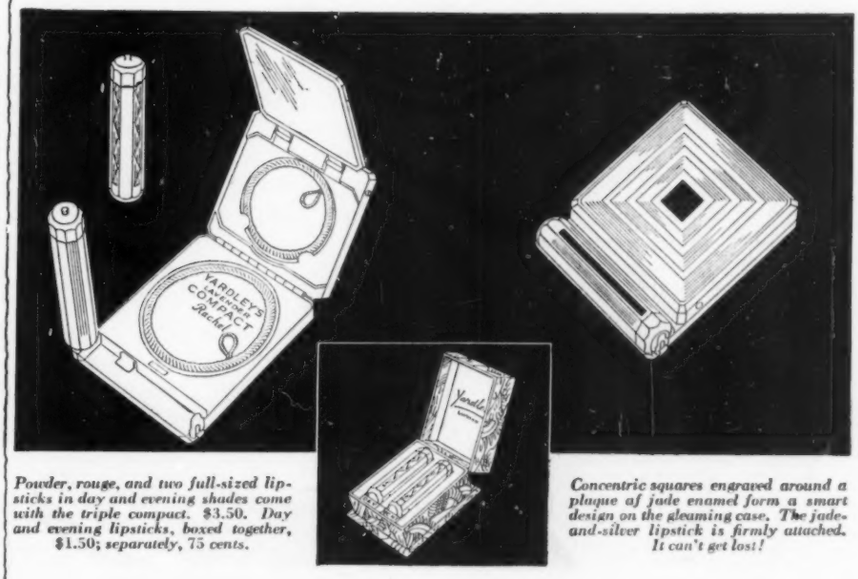

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The price of this ingratiating trifle in its silver and jade-green case is $3.50 . . . powder and rouge and both lipsticks. The lipsticks, packed together (a charming, inexpensive gift), are $1.50, or 75 cents each. Would you like one *today?*

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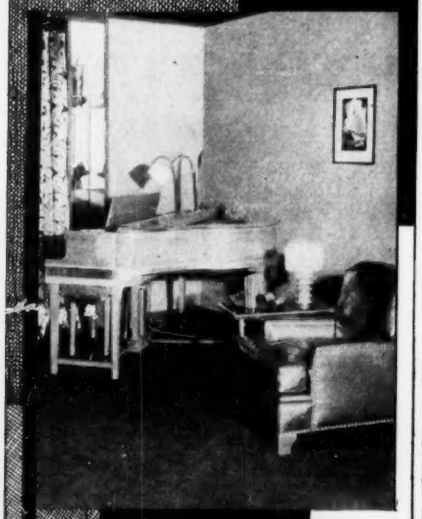

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera These Lovely Summer Evenings

A FEW years ago it was fashionable to offer performances of "Aïda" at ball parks, and I can recall, with varying emotions, representations of this Egyptalian masterpiece at the Polo Grounds, the Yankee Stadium, and Ebbets Field. There also was an "Aïda" in an outdoor boxing arena once upon a time. Few of these ventures were unduly encouraging for the promoters, and I had been persuaded that I might pass a ball park at night without fear of encountering "Celeste Aïda" or "Ritorno vincitor;" but I was too naïve. An organization known, somewhat optimistically, as the Manhattan Opera Stars took possession of the Polo Grounds not so long ago and made a night of "Aïda." It was a long night, too. For all I know about it, they didn't get around to entombing the soprano and the tenor until the next afternoon, as the Giants were on the road, and there was no danger of the singers being hit by batted balls.

Whether the enterprising Maestro Salmaggi will continue his ministrations has not been announced. The turnout could not have been an immensely profitable one; but one never knows. As long as there are ball parks and people who like to sing in "Aïda," the thing will go on.

IT may not be good form to admit it, but I always have a good time when there is opera in athletic pastures. For one thing, I like the idea of sitting in the Polo Grounds press box and thinking how pleasant it must be there of afternoons. With a little more finesse, I might have maneuvered myself into the visitors' dugout, although the bench usually occupied by the Signori Terry, Lindstrom, Critz, Hogan, and their fellows, was held inviolate by the ushers. Everything is agreeably relaxed at these summer operas. Bystanders wander backstage in full view of the audience. When their services are not required on the stage, the priests of Egypt assemble near third base and swap nifties. Scene-shifters in blue shirts erect the Temple of Phta in a dim light which does not conceal their jolly activities. The intermissions are improved by the melodies of soft-drink and ice-cream dispensers, and hot dogs also are available. I am not certain, as I look back on this "Aïda," that it did not indicate a welcome setting for all "Aïdas."

THE Polo Grounds "Aïda" had its impromptu aspects, but it was well sung. The chorus obviously knew its music backward, as the saying is, and the principals were chosen shrewdly. All of the voices were extremely audible and the ready-made acoustics of Coggan's Bluff did not interfere with their projection. A tenor hitherto unfamiliar, Giovanni Chiaia, sang a Rhadames that was much better than several of the Metropolitan's. The Mmes. Lissetshaya (I am dubious about this spelling, but a program that cost five cents ought to be accurate) and Van Gilder whooped it up in fine shape as Aïda and Amneris, and the rest of them were competent and sure-throated. The orchestra, directed by Pasquale Rescigno, had a more than passing acquaintance with the score; in fact, when someone forgot to turn up the lights, Mr. Rescigno and his men continued playing as if doing "Aïda" were their nightly occupation.

All told, the performance was good enough to deserve repetition. Perhaps something can be done about the staging—but I fear that "Aïda," with its seven scenes, will be troublesome in the open (sometimes it's worrisome indoors) until an al-fresco theatre is provided.

THE Stadium also had a bit of opera in the form of a rousing Wagnerian program conducted by Albert Coates, who proved what his phonograph records had suggested—that he can do more with Wagner than the gentlemen who

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make an exclusive business of it. His Wagner is in the big manner—as it ought to be—with plenty of sweep and enthusiasm. Everything is heroic, and yet the singers are not overwhelmed by exuberant blasts from the orchestra.

Mr. Coates does not go about Wagnerian music as if he were a high priest indulging in a solemn and somewhat overfamiliar rite. He has a show to put over, and he puts it over. It is a fine blend of good theatre and good music.

The soloists were Mme. Alsen and Mr. Althouse, both of whom sounded to advantage in the Stadium. Mme. Alsen, one of the most accomplished of current Wagnerians, not only sang her music, but even tossed in a few bits of stage business for good measure. At the conclusion of the "Walküre" duet, she embraced Mr. Althouse without a rehearsal, but to the patent glee of the cushion sitters. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

They Keep Rollin' Along

BUSINESS may be as bad as they say, but it ought to be pretty fair for engravers and printers of popular music, for the output of ditties continues with no abatement. Of course, many of the new issues are theme songs, and we can't get along without theme songs, can we? There also are a few new show numbers, of which I prefer "I'm Only Human After All," from the "Garrick Gaieties." The "Vanities" score, by the way, is in the Carrollian tradition: it sounds better out of the show than in it. Maybe sound can't compete with sight.

At the moment, there is no overbearing trend in the songs which the publishers hope you will sing in the bathtub. A slight collegiate flavor, noted hereabouts a few months ago, is becoming more noticeable (*vide* "Scamp of the Campus" and "Betty Co-ed"). There also is a tendency to emphasize the necessity for having the party of the second part in the immediate vicinity. ("Havin' You Around Is Heaven," "I'm Needin' You," and more to the same end.) The final "g" seems to have been ruled out of lyrics by some central commission, possibly in the interests of economy. ("Good Evenin'," "Swingin' in a Hammock"—you can keep on like this for a long time.) Nowadays, it seems, a com-

get the lowdown

on manhattan's movies and you'll find that the only cinematic entertainments that are on the up and up are those at

the rivoli—
united artists

where there's "eyes of the world"not the paramount sound news . . . dearie, but a full length haroldbellwright by united artists

the rialto

ronald colman as "raffles" has not silently stolen away as yet and is still doing a rushing business for samuel goldwyn . . . at this favored stand

the paramounts

there's ruth chatterton as "anybody's woman". . . but principally paramounts . . . the first lady of the screen rolls up her sleeves and gives a good lowdown performance. in new york, jesse crawford's at the organ . . . paul ash on the stage in brooklyn

luxurious and comfortable,

these are

publix theatres

The Most Discussed Motion Picture of the Age
HOWARD HUGHES'
Thrilling Air Spectacle
HELL'S ANGELS
The First Multi-Million Dollar Talking Picture
NOW SHOWING AT BOTH
CRITERION Broadway at 44th St.
GAIETY Broadway at 46th St.
Twice Daily 2:30 and 8:30
Nights 75c to $2.50. Daily Mats. 50-75-$1.
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THE NEWSREEL THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Show every Saturday

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A New Comedy with Lynne Overman, Irene Purcell, Henry Stephenson, Charlotte Granville
BELASCO Thea., 44 St. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

LYSISTRATA
The comedy hit you hear about!
with
VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER, ERNEST TRUEX
MIRIAM HOPKINS, SYDNEY GREENSTREET
HORTENSE ALDEN, ERIC DRESSLER
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
THE
GREEN PASTURES
Pulitzer Prize Play
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

The LAST MILE
Herman Shumlin Presents
"The play of the year"—*Daily News*
7th MONTH
SAM H. HARRIS
THEA., 42nd ST. W. of B'way
EVS. 8:50 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

The Theatre Guild Presents
THE NEW
GARRICK GAIETIES
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

poser is ready to write at the drop of the "g."

SOME of the better current melodies, apart from those already suggested, might include:

THE KISS WALTZ. An uncommonly oleaginous theme, which is almost fancy enough to become salon music. Salon music, if you don't know, is something in which a violin solo is punctuated by bells at every second measure.

I STILL GET A THRILL THINKING OF YOU. The final "g" somehow stayed in this title, but it's a good torch ballad.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. There may be something to be said for the Welsh folk song of the same name, but this will do nicely for intimate crooning—or don't you?

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK. Not what you might expect. Just a good, noisy paean of amoristic jubilation.

HERE COMES THE SUN! A continuation of the optimistic series, with plenty of vivacity.

HERE COMES EMILY BROWN. Another lively ditty.

HIGHWAY TO HEAVEN. More of it—very well done.

IT SEEMS TO BE SPRING. A better-than-average theme song, well developed.

WHERE CAN YOU BE? One of the best of the new exercises in triplets, and unusually singable.

THERE'S A WAH-WAH GIRL IN AGUA CALIENTE. Agreeable tribute to a young lady whom you might like if you happened to be feeling giddy.

ALL IN A DAY. A new torcherino of which you may hear more in your spare time.

BROKEN DREAMS. Good specimen of the newer harmonic devices.

I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF SWEET ADELINE. Something for the gang to work into close chords.

—POP

•

REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO DRIVE TO SEA BRIGHT AND BACK NEXT SUNDAY

To sit and shimmer in the sun'll
Suit me. But the Holland Tunnel
Holds me back. The Jersey beach
Is pleasant, but too hard to reach.
I learned that on a summer Sunday.
We left at noon and got back Monday.

Although I love the ocean, and
Its rim of jellyfish and sand,
You'll need some ether to decoy
Me out through Perth and South
Amboy.
I'd take the uphill road to Heaven
Before I'd try Route Thirty-seven.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

BRIDE OF yesterday in Ceremony at Jewish Centre. Miss Myra Violet Bayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bayer of No. 525 West End Avenue, was married last night in the Crystal Room of the Ritz Carlton to D. Bernard Golding.—*Caption in the World.*

Hee hee.

Second Sensational Season
of Whoopee on Long Island
TEXAS GUINAN
"THE NATIONAL WEAKNESS"—Chicagoan —March, 1930.
AND HER FAMOUS "GANG"
20 World's Most Beautiful Girls at the cool
Show Place
(on the Merrick Road)
LYNBROOK, L. I.
Two Shows Nightly 8:30 p.m. and 12 p.m.
The most scintillating and sophisticated revue in N.Y.
No cover charge at dinner
Dancing till dawn
Reservations Phone Lynbrook 1525-6
A Merry Place to Roost All Night

JOURNEY'S END
SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 West 43 St. Eves. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
GEORGE WHITE'S
ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES
FLYING HIGH
With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

EARL CARROLL VANITIES
8th Edition All New
66 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs
HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
A cast of 150 and the
Most Beautiful Girls in the World
462 Good Balcony Seats at $1.00
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST.
Evenings & Mats. Wed. & Sat.

11th MONTH
Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
Preston Sturges' famous comedy
with TULLIO CARMINATI
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
This attraction never at cut rates
AVON THEATRE, 45 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
THEATRE COOLED BY ICED AIR

JOHN BARRYMORE
in
"MOBY DICK"
A Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Picture
Warner Bros. Refrigerated
HOLLYWOOD THEATRE B'way at 51st St.
Daily 2:45—8:45. Sun. 3—6—8:45

ROXY
50th St. & 7th Ave. Direction of S. L. Rothafel (ROXY)
SECOND WEEK
All Talking Movietone Drama
"COMMON CLAY"
with Constance BENNETT—Lew AYRES
"LA TICKERA" opera. IRVING CAESAR and large cast. Brilliant Stage Features with Roxy Symphony Orchestra Ballet. Roxyettes—Chorus—Soloists.
ROXY

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
Aug. 16, 17, 18: Jack Oakie in "Sap From Syracuse"; Aug. 19, 20: "Strictly Modern" with Dorothy Mackaill; Aug. 21, 22: Gary Cooper in "Man From Wyoming".
51 ST. ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

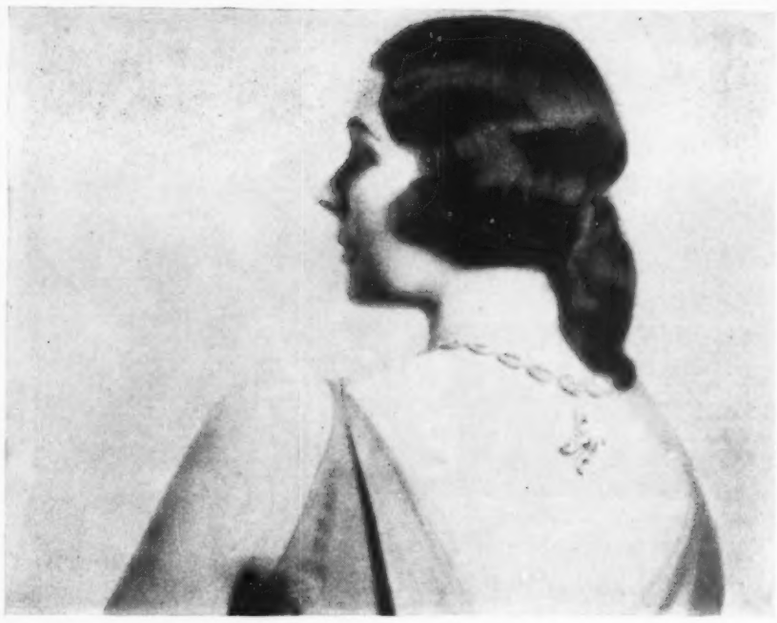
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Cook to the Rescue
—With Poker and Song
—Trilingual Talkie

Joe Cook is the only entertainer, of consequence in the Broadway world, to appear this week, this sparse, exhausted week when even the movies seem to abandon an effort to sustain life. Mr. Cook has a big public, a large and loyal group, who would find him funny, doubtless, anywhere and in anything. His picture, "Rain or Shine," from the stage show, will please some of them, I think, for he is everywhere throughout it as voluble and competent in his line as ever. Yet taken all in all, the picture is trivial, noisy burlesque, and a humor which depends so essentially as his does on speed and loquacity, especially loquacity, is not the most fortunate sort for the talkies.

You most likely know the kind of thing he does, that torrent of goofy chatter, crazily irrelevant, which will, for instance, be inspired by a spot of mustard on some startled man's vest, and from that noble starting point meander madly back to reminiscences of boyhood days when he poured evaporated milk on his Corn Flakes—all leaving his listener, the gentleman of the mustard spot, in a sad and comical daze. At this sort of thing Mr. Cook is astonishing; more astonishing I feel, however, than he is funny. He is so expert a performer, so able, that you are impressed by these characteristics, left breathless by them, too impressed by his energy to laugh at his jokes. It's rowdy, "sure-fire" show business and the least bit exhausting.

THE picture is about circus life, a circus owned by a beautiful young girl who is loved by a young man of wealth—subject-matter which permits a dinner in society quite as broadly slapstick as anything in the early movie days ever was, and also gives a chance for those tent scenes always effective on the screen. There is a grand finale when the tent is set in flames at the very moment when by a somewhat bizarre sequence of events the heroine has been hoisted to the ridgepole, where at last she is rescued by Mr. Cook him-



HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE

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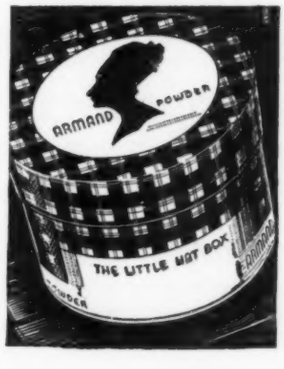
"Symphonie" . . . the newest Armand face powder . . . is blended to the underlying flesh-tones mutual to both blonde and brunette. You, too, possess these soft, translucent tints which the usual face powders only obscure. But "Symphonie" complements them in delicate color and brings out all their mellow beauty. Make this test in tint today.

● *"With the new clothes, the new complexion." . . . Flounced taffeta gown by Stein & Blaine, Inc.; pendant necklace by Crichton & Co., Ltd.; complexion by Armand; compliments by everybody!*

Armand "Symphonie" Powder (or your choice of four standard tints), $1 the box.



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ARMAND

"SYMPHONIE" POWDER

—with entrancing fineness of texture!

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Instant cold CHICKEN

In its own jellied juice
Already Cooked—All Ready to Eat

ALL you do is open the package—the chicken is already cooked in its own jellied juices. You get a juicy, delightful delicacy of flavor you have rarely tasted. A wonderful summer time treat. Many food stores keep Hormel chicken chilled for instant use—or an hour or two in your own refrigerator is enough. Whole chicken or half of a whole chicken—just as you see it in the picture—not cut up. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL* Flavor Sealed CHICKEN

DOUBLE DATE

For popular girls who do everything on the run. Night and Day Cream in one. Twenty-four hour beauty work reduced to 4 minutes. At night—skin food, refiner, gentle bleach—no party circles under the eyes. In the morning—grand make-up foundation—no shiny nose.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

COOT — a 25-inch model Racing Sloop

Largest of our fin keel racing models—most graceful Marconi Rigged sloop on the market.
LENGTH O. A. 25 inches
BEAM 6¼ inches
Very fast on all points of sailing. Fully rigged and equipped with Boucher parent sail shifting device ready to sail.
$9.50

"Coot" composition construction set. Hull completely furnished with 1 coat paint. Very easily assembled.
$8.00

Send 25c for Boucher's illustrated Catalogue

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SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

self. This is subordinate, though, to the persistent series of comedy incidents, one after another built up for laughs, a little too obviously manufactured, somewhat too ruthlessly hammered out.

"QUEEN HIGH" is another offering of the week, also of comic import. It's about two manufacturers of ladies' garters who draw poker hands to decide which one shall be the other's servant for a certain period of time—somewhat a strange gamble for two industrialists to make, but one most deliberately explained in this far too long, unedited film. At times in the picture a character will burst into song, one of which, rendered by Charlie Ruggles, is unexpected. It's a little ditty about his various wives and his treatment of the ladies. "I like to boil them in hot carbolic," he carols. "There comes a time in a woman's life when a little suffocation does her good," he warbles. Generally, however, he is occupied with less sanguine matters, and what laughs there are in the desultory picture are due to him, and due to him, one suspects, when the direction has not distorted his natural excellent comedy talent with some old ham vaudeville stuff.

DOWN at the little Eighth Street Playhouse they are showing, or at least showed last week, a picture called "Liebe im Ring," in which Max Schmeling is the featured player. The film is advertised as a talkie in German, English, and French, which evidently is to be interpreted as meaning practically a silent picture with only a single speech in English and one in French and a few hither and yon in German, the star's own spare dialogue (German) being a little too guttural to be heard by Yankee ears. It's a picture, of course, about the prizefighter and the siren whose allurements threaten his career, but it is done rather crudely, even the fight scene being mediocre. Mr. Schmeling himself, though by no means a movie actor, seems a likable young man, and carries on the tradition of his caste by appearing well in evening clothes. He also waltzes, ladies will be interested to hear—though possibly rather heavily. —J. C. M.

•

"Your duty as citizens is to inform the police department of every attempt to victimize you. Their arrest will follow." —*Commissioner Mulrooney quoted in the Mirror.*

And there you are.

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

A LUCKY STAR . . . AND A LUCKY SUPPER DANCE

On the Astor Roof. On the open air floor. Stepping out to the cadence of perfect rhythm. Gloriously cool. Madly gay. Happy to be alive. Man, man! How lucky you found the Astor Roof.

FRED A. MUSCHENHEIM

It's
Simple Enough!
Just drop in, check up on what we offer with what you want — and then move in.
HOTEL WHITE
On aristocratic Murray Hill next to all New York
1—2—3 Rooms and more
Furnished or unfurnished.
ATTRACTIVE RENTALS
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You May Walk All Over Town . . .
. . . consuming time and nerves, and you may find just the apartment you are looking for . . . but then again, you may phone Eldorado 2300 and have us find it for you . . . ask for one of our apartment specialists.
Gaines, Van Nostrand & Morrison, Inc.
383 Madison Avenue, Eldorado 2300

STORIES OF TODAY

PIOUS PROVISO

President Day
Of Union College,
Schenectady, New York,
Has granted his students
Permission to play tennis
On Sunday afternoons.

But they must dress
Completely in white—
Shoes, stockings, trousers,
Shirts, and sweaters!

APPRECIATION

Julius Johnstone
Robbed Mrs. Ehrman Ewing
In New York City
Of jewelry valued
At ten thousand dollars.
But when he was apprehended
Mrs. Ewing sent him
A box of cigars
And fifteen dollars—

In simple gratitude
For the "courteous manner"
In which he had held her up.

FLOP

The Lady Godiva Procession
At St. Albans, England,
For the benefit of a hospital,
Proved a disappointment.
The promoters were unable
To get anyone for the part,
Even after conceding
Flesh-colored tights,

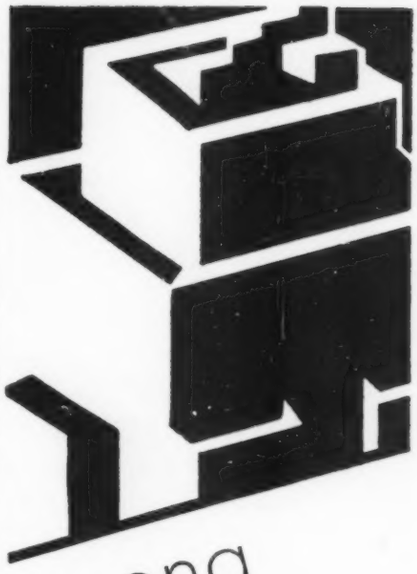
So, in lieu of the lady,
A white dog was tied
To the horse's saddle.

REDEMPTION

Mayor J. F. Bright,
Of Richmond, Virginia,
Received by mail a twenty-dollar
Confederate bill
Issued in that city
In 1864,
From Fräulein Pressentin,
Of Berlin, Germany,
Which the lady had accepted
As legal tender
From a glib American,
And which she asked him
To redeem.

The Mayor redeemed it
With a nice, clean, German
One-thousand-mark note,
Which he had bought himself
A few years back.

—W. E. Farbstein



among other things . . .

there's the cooling system that makes dining in any of the New Yorker restaurants, public or private . . . and dancing to the music of Barney Rapp and his orchestra in the Summer Terrace . . . a supreme joy even when the thermometer has reached its peak.
Rates $3.50 and up for one person, $5 and up for two, with thrifty reductions on monthly rates to permanent guests.
The New Yorker is so easy to reach . . . from anywhere. Tunnel to Pennsylvania Station. B.&O. Motor Coach connections.

Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
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The CHEF at Suesskind's
Says You May Not Like
Kalte Gepöckelte Rinderbrust
mit Sauere Rote Rüben
BUT four out of five fall for cold corned beef with pickled beets! Especially Suesskind's corned beef. It's the tender meat of the shoulder "corned" for eight days in vinegar, salt and a dash of sugar. Sliced cold, with the tang of the pickled beets, it's as refreshing a dish as one could wish, for a scorching August day.
ADOLPH Suesskind
THE Place to Eat
Lexington Ave. at 85th Street
NEW YORK

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, AUG. 6

IT is curious how the legend persists that London is a deserted city at this time of the year. We read in the papers of heat waves in New York, but our familiar friend the Icelandic depression has driven us to our firesides. We have not all gone away.

The authorities, however, work by the calendar, so the annual plague of British workmen has descended upon the streets. The whole of Regent Street is in ruins; Bond Street is a battlefield; every day the traffic piles itself up in rich confusion. In small huts dotted among the débris contemplative watchmen lounge with a sublime disregard of the inferno about them. It is the August street scene.

THEY are changing the whole face of London while we are supposed to be away. Perhaps it is our good fortune to live in these times of transition: there is so much of it that one is always being taken unawares. Ever since I can remember, Portman Square has been a backwater of dignified eighteenth-century houses. Now in a twinkling the place has become an insignificant cleft in a mass of monstrous buildings.

Everywhere these flats are going up. You come upon them in the most unexpected places. Shepherd's Market, where Michael Arlen's young ladies used to live, is practically obliterated. They are creeping into Grosvenor Square. Nobody lives in them, though. All these great blocks are empty. Estate agents wring their hands. Their paper rents are prodigious but they have no tenants. In a colossal place which has gone up overlooking Hyde Park, exactly four families are in residence; but still more flats are being built.

Meanwhile the prices of the little houses in Kensington and Chelsea, and about the Brompton Road, are ten times what they were, and the Victorian cast-iron work on their balconies and their fireplaces is becoming valuable.

THE young Duke of Norfolk is trying to sell Norfolk House, in St. James's Square. This is another break with the past but one long regarded as inevitable, for the Duke has never lived there. The place was a famous hospital for officers during the war and has since been a number of things. Until recently one of those "cultural" societies for the "study of foreign relations" has been dwelling there in great luxury. In fact Lady Astor has for some time been the last private resident in this famous square, which is used chiefly as a park for motors.

THE days of adventure are not yet past. In Hyde Park the other day, I came upon a capstan set upon the sward and manned by eight hearties in blue jerseys. The sounds of melancholy music filled the air, and then I noticed a gentleman squatting on the capstan, revolving gently, and singing at the top of his fine tenor voice. The better to observe this phenomenon, I pressed my way through a considerable crowd and came upon a chorus of maidens, of quaint habiliments and uncertain ages, conducted gravely by a person on a nearby kitchen table. Round the capstan went and higher mounted the music.

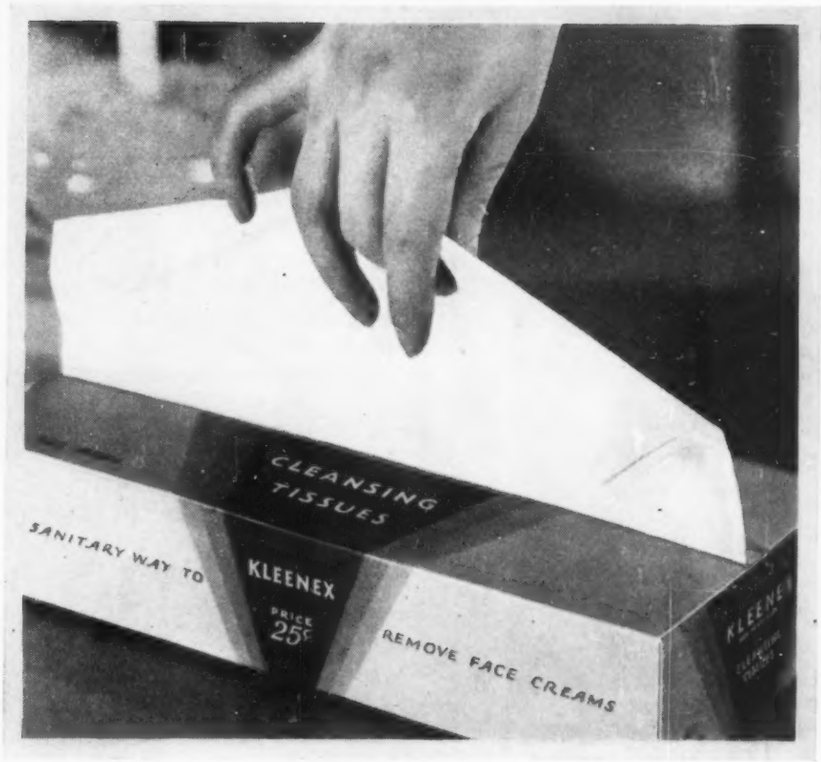
A spinster in some kind of peasant costume sold me a program, and the scales fell from my eyes. This was one more of Mr. Lansbury's activities—

folk music for the masses. Just beyond, in the chilly waters of the Serpentine, a solitary girl was bathing. I glanced at my program and read "Would you like to learn Greek Mime and Dancing?," coupled with the name of Penelope Spencer.

Now Penelope Spencer does those charming grotesque dances for Sir Nigel Playfair's theatre out at Hammersmith. Feeling that she had a soul above such things, I met her to protest against these futilities. She diverted my conservative wrath with some information of surpassing interest—no less than the foundation of a British ballet. The scheme is to establish a society, on the lines of the Sunday-play societies, with a yearly subscription of four guineas. Ballets are expensive, so there will be only four performances in the season. Constant Lambert will conduct an orchestra of fifty; Augustus John has promised to look after the scenery; and the dancing will be in the capable hands of Lydia Lopokova, Phyllis Bedells, Penelope Spencer, Anton Dolin, and Ninette de Valois. This is cheering news.

WE Moderns are too pleased with ourselves. We are so accustomed to hearing advertising-men prattle of "creative work" that we run away with the idea advertising is something new. There are some Roman advertisements on show at the Royal Water Color Society's gallery which creative workers should see. Advertisements of gladiators and poets, with rude remarks scrawled across them, all scratched on thin slabs of stone. The exhibits range from these Pompeian examples to modern ones too, lurid with the virtues of a new gas for rocket airships. The place has been decorated for the occasion with aluminum curtains and green zigzags. Advertising has caught up with Cubism. Well, well.

ANOTHER small show of a different order is Professor Tait-Mackenzie's. The people who Know are more than a little scornful of his athletes in action. His figures are too lifelike and he has a "preoccupation with the nude." Perhaps so. They certainly are both lifelike and nude, which is more than could be said of many a statue. His "Discobolos" we have seen before. He has gone one better than Praxiteles, whose thrower would never have got the discus any distance if he went at it that way. Moreover, the Professor's "Football Scrum" actually shows what a rough game football is. —A. G.



You'll enjoy

the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Elaine Boardman

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads!

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots* up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. NY 8

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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A new apartment house
for September Occupancy
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2 ROOMS from . . . $975
3 ROOMS from . . . 1100
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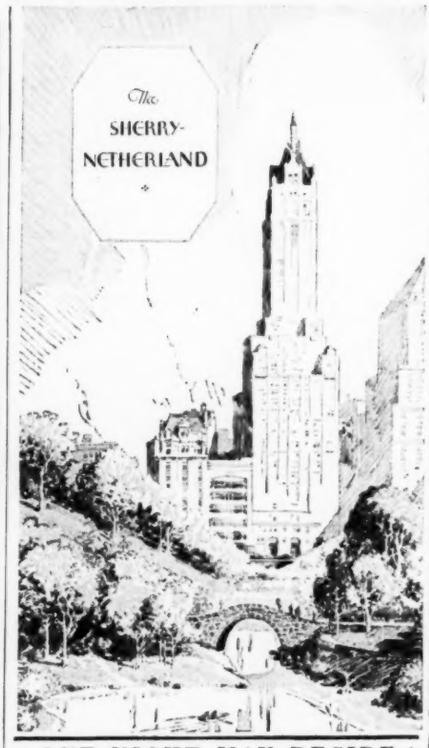

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

THE CANOE RIDE

"AIN'T it nice out here in the canoe, Gert? It's so tranquil out here, it's really a pleasure."

"Yeah, Irv, it's tranquil like anything. It's funny how the lake, it gets so tranquil one minute and when you turn your back the next minute the tide comes up rough like anything."

"It comes up 'like thunder 'cross the bay.' That's poetry."

"What's poetry?"

"'Like thunder 'cross the bay.' That's from Kipling. You know, Kipling, the writer. He wrote 'On the Road to Mandalay.'"

"'On the Road to Mandalay'?"

"Yeah. You know, 'On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes sway—' You know."

"Oh, that? That's a song. I heard it at Roxy's—with effects. 'On the road to Mandalay-ay, where the flying fishes play-ay.' You shoulda seen Doug Stanbury singing that song. All of a sudden they showed fishes flying and playing like anything. Not real fishes. It was—you know—an effect. It look like fishes flying and playing."

"THAT guy, Roxy, he certainly knows how to put a number over. That song, y'know, it's really a poem. It's a poem by Kipling. It's one of the best poems written in our language."

"I dunno. I brought a poetry book with me that's got some pretty good poems in it. When you said to me, 'How about a canoe ride after lunch?' I said 'O. K.,' so I went to my valise and took out a poetry book I brought along special for canoe rides. It's got a lot of sad poems. You like sad poems?"

"It all depends. At a bonfire I don't like sad poems but on a canoe ride a sentimental poem gets over one hunard per cent with me. I dunno. I like to shut my eyes and read some sentimental poems. You feel it more if you shut your eyes. The lake gets tranquil, and the sun is over your head, and the canoe, she's drifting along with the tranquil tide; then, baby, you put over a real sentimental poem and it comes out so beyoutiful, it's really a pleasure. Y'know what I mean, Gert?"

"I know whatcher mean aw right. Last year, when I was at camp, I uster go out on canoe rides with a college boy from C.C.N.Y. His name was Harry. He was a waiter but he was taking up lawr at C.C.N.Y. Boy, could he read that poetry stuff? Well,

he read it like nobody's business. He uster recite poetry from Browning. Some of that stuff was real hot, what I mean. Them poets, they are supposed to be artistic but when you get right down to it some of their stuff is real hot, y'know."

"What's the poetry book you got wichoo?"

"It's Laurence Hope's 'Indian Love Lyrics.' It's love poems."

"About Indians?"

"No—well, it's about people from India. I guess you call 'em Indians. They're sentimental poems. You think Laurence Hope was a man from the name, wouldn't cha?"

"Ain't it a man?"

"No—it's a woman. A coupla these poems are pretty hot. Should I read a couple?"

"Wait until I paddle to that tree over there. We'll park the canoe and then you can read while I close my eyes. That's the oney way to get the full benefit of them sentimental poems —when you close your eyes."

"I'll read the one about 'Pale Hands' while you paddle over, ha?"

"Wait until we get there. You get the real benefit of the poems when you're resting and everything is going along tranquil. You don't concentrate when you're listening and paddling."

"DON'T pull up over there. There's that married couple with their bungalow in Honeymoon Cottage. Pull out before you embarrass them."

"Listen, if they married why should we embarrass them? They're embarrassing us. Let's go over near the bunch of trees."

"Yeah, that looks okay. Oh, look at them two over there. Say, ain't there no place that's empty?"

"There's a spot over there. Near those two people."

"Won't we be in the way?"

"No. We'll sit behind the tree over there."

"Yeah, but when we start reading the poetry, won't we be bothering them?"

"We'll leave the poetry book in the canoe. We can read on the way back. Let's go over and—well, let's go over and just sit on the grass. It's so tranquil we can have a good time just sitting and resting. Waddeya say?"

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

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—Headline in a Los Angeles paper.

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RECENT BOOKS

Cowboy Artist—Bloodthirsty Days—Poetry—Naughty Kiki—Tennis Heroine—Pathology

IT is good to turn from the intimate confessions of such unwholesome persons as racketeers, politicians, and professional warmakers to Will James' life story, which is called "Lone Cowboy." Speaking as one who rushes screaming from Western plays, Western movies, and—yes—Western men, I found this book not only unusually interesting but authentic, unassuming, and sincere. Moreover, I like Mr. James' sketches and I admire them for their originality; they do not look like Frederick Remington or like the too grand illustrations for the better class of Western magazine fiction. Mr. James' drawings have a certain unpretentious boyish truthfulness that makes them different.

Moreover, I envy the man his life. It has been an unusually fortunate one. At an early age, Mr. James was bereft of his parents and adopted by a French trapper, and thus he was freed from inhibiting restrictions. No spurious advantages were foisted upon him; his childhood was idyllic. For instance, one of his favorite amusements was exploring the deserted cabins of prospectors and adventurers who, having failed to find gold, moved on to parts unknown.

Mr. James was destined to become a cowboy from the start, but he was, innately, an artist. He learned to draw pictures of horses, not by studying them as an observer, but by riding them. I do not know how he learned to write—he isn't so definite about that—but he has the easy, leisurely way of telling a story peculiar to men who, being much alone, learn to formulate and dramatize their thoughts.

THERE are, too, more frontier tales in "The Outlaw Years." Robert M. Coates' book treats of the Southern frontier in the early nineteenth century in the days when civilization was having a struggle to reach as far as the Mississippi River. The pioneers from the Southeastern states who went out to settle Kaintuck and the adjacent territories were of two classes: the reasonably honest sort who were legitimately engaged in killing off the Indians, and the "land pirates" who preyed on their fellow white men.

The Hampstead Heath of these outlaws was the Natchez Trace, a jungle-like trail that went from Nashville to Natchez; another happy hunting ground of the pirates was the Ohio River. Mr. Coates' book is a bit bloodthirsty, as befits its subject. The strange background of the Southern forests and swamp lands—which even now are rather terrifying places—gives his story a weird quality. The early Southern cities, too, were ideal settings for the more imaginative sort of melodrama: New Orleans with its exotic population, and Natchez which is like a stage-setting depicting Heaven and Hell—the lovely Natchez-on-the-Bluffs and the sinister Natchez-under-the-Hill. Of all Mr. Coates' villains I like best John Murrell, whose specialty was stealing slaves, and the Wild Harpes, who went in for the more violent forms of murder.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER'S "Modern American Poetry" also deserves your consideration. This new volume—and it is a big, thick one—includes the works of American poets from Emily Dickinson to Nathalia Crane. Mr. Untermeyer's patience is unending; he has done splendidly by those lyric writers whom we snub by calling them minor poets. Here, in addition to those masterpieces you expect to find in an anthology, are excellent poems rescued from obscurity and given some permanence.

My only criticism of Mr. Untermeyer's selections is that he has paid too little attention to the writers of light verse. Americans are particularly good at light verse—and I do not mean nonsense rhymes or strictly topical poems. Franklin P. Adams, for instance, is represented by only two poems and those are not his best; and Dorothy Parker is ignored.

KIKI, a local celebrity of Montparnasse, has written her own book, "Kiki's Memoirs." It is published in France and has an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. Some of her writing is shrewd, witty, and pungent. But there are passages in which you suspect the lady of trying to shock the tourists. In case you don't know, Kiki was the Queen of Montparnasse, and Mr. Hemingway describes her as a girl

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who "never had a Room of Her Own." She was, to put it mildly, a romp; and her book is coy, in a naughty way.

JOHN R. TUNIS has done remarkably well by a wonder girl of tennis in "American Girl." Mr. Tunis has been reporting the high points of tennis for some seasons, and in his first novel he says many things which are not germane to strict reporting. His book lets off steam. He makes some excellent points; as, for instance, that prodigies are generally the offspring of mediocre but ambitious parents and that they are usually pushed beyond their psychic and physical endurance. Mr. Tunis has had the opportunity to observe that amateur sports are not all fun and not all glamorous receptions before crowned heads. His novel is an accurate picture of life behind the scenes of a spectacular show.

"CONFESSIONS," by Arthur Symons, is profoundly tragic, not only for what it says but for its more dreadful implications. Mr. Symons subtitles his book "A Study in Pathology." Strictly speaking it is; it tells of a terrible year when Mr. Symons lost his reason and was confined in an asylum. The tragedy happened in 1908 and Mr. Symons, while he tells some things with an unnatural clarity, still senses the whole event through a blur of confusion. The fact itself is mixed and intermingled with other things and other lives. So it is more than a study in pathology; it is a picture of the darker side of genius.

The book has the quality of those little-appreciated sketches of the late James Huneker, who understood the Arthur Symonses better than they can hope to understand themselves.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. P. Crozier breaks all the rules of his craft by writing a war book, "A Brass Hat in No Man's Land," which has more bitterness than patriotism, more hard truth than propaganda. In fact, General Crozier tears the war to pieces with the desperate enthusiasm of a disillusioned doughboy. His book, which thunders against official stupidity, will cause hurt feelings. Generals are supposed to bestow medals and then retire to a Valhalla of pleasant memories. They aren't supposed to go on the rampage and berate their late comrades at arms. However, because General Crozier refuses to play the conventional soldier, his book is good, stimulating reading. —A. W. S.

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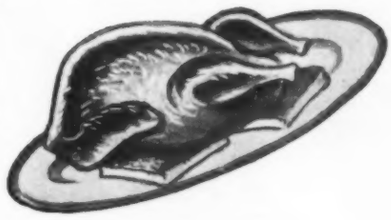

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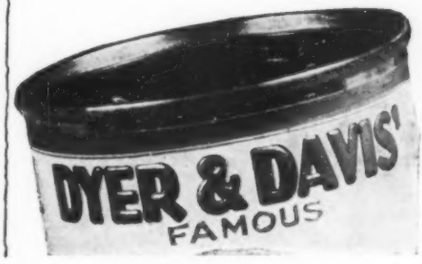

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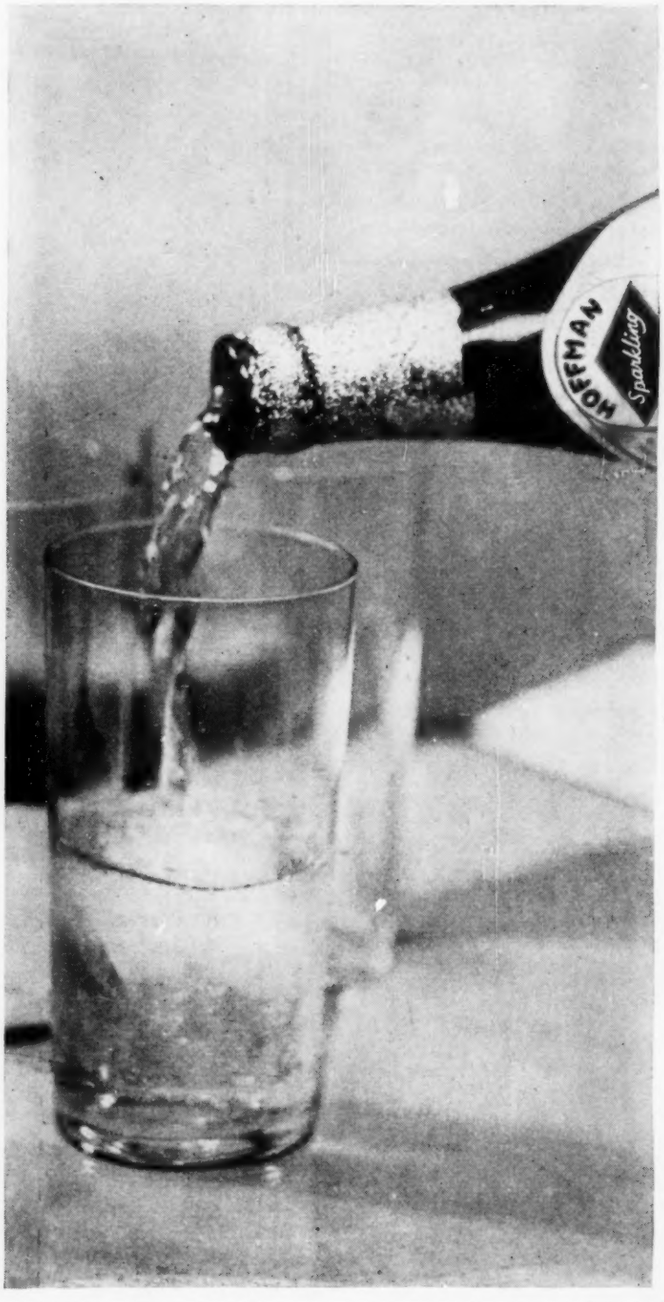

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